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THE NATION

WITHDRAWN

JULY 3-10, 1976 50 cents

'A Subject Comes Into My Head'

The Contemporary Relevance of
THOMAS JEFFERSON'S
Usufruct Principle
ALEXANDER LAING

Killing It to Save It
THE U.S. IN ITALIAN POLITICS
Rep. Michael J. Harrington

The Great American Medicine Show / George A. Silver

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LETTERS

debt in the Third World

New York City

Michael Reisman's article on the "New Economic Order" [*The Nation*, June 12], completely omits discussion of the most divisive issue between the United States foreign policy makers and the developing world: the issue of debt.

Because of the downturn in the advanced sector economies, the demand for commodity imports into the United States and Western Europe from the Third World has decreased significantly. This contraction in its traditional foreign markets has forced the developing world to rapidly increase its external debt in order to raise foreign exchange for its own essential imports.

The IMF and the Treasury Department's solution to this liquidity crisis, usually posed in the form of conditions tied to "case by case" bail-out loans, has been to demand that debtor nations implement restrictions on imports and cuts in consumption. The result of this form of "shock treatment" is to channel all available cash reserves into debt repayment; the Chilean Government, with Milton Friedman's advice, has been the most successful in administering this "shock treatment." . . .

What Kissinger, Simon, Parsky et al. fear the most is the unification of the developing sector around proposals for a partial or total debt moratorium on dollar-based debt. These measures have been raised with increasing insistence by Mexico, Algeria and other countries at those international conferences Mr. Reisman mentions. . . .

The debt moratorium proposal also raises the question of the replacement of the disintegrating post-World War II international monetary and banking system based on the United States dollar. If the Third World destroys its credit rating with United States and Western European banking interests, might it not cooperate with Comecon to create a new international credit system partially based on the transferable ruble? It is the discussion of this issue, the breakaway of the developing world from the dollar's orbit, that Kissinger's "diversions, threats and grandiose schemes" are aimed at suppressing.

James A. Khatami

Madame Gandhi's knife

Halifax, N.S.

Even the little I learned about India on short-term consultancies for the World Health Organization over the past decade convinces me that your June 19th editorial "Power from a Knife" is fatuous nonsense. To say that "many studies have shown that the best way to control population growth is to raise the standard of living" confuses *post hoc* with *propter hoc*. India is in the classic Malthusian trap where population growth has to fall before levels of living can rise. The elites and the literate upper middle class use birth control. The illiterate and hungry mass of the population do not. The knife is going in at the only available point with sufficient leverage to have effect.

I am afraid that much of the "democratic opposition" to Mrs. Gandhi comes from fat cats who found it easier to buy their favors from venal, irresponsible parliamentarians and now find that frightened bureaucrats in a command setup are more expensive because of the risk factor. It is likely that one of the best ways to insure vigorous democracy is to enjoy a high level of living. Too bad for India!

A. Peter Ruderman, Ph.D.
Dean, Faculty of Administrative Studies
Dalhousie University

The editors welcome letters from readers but regret that space limitations often prevent publication of those of more than 250 words.

EDITORIALS

Jimmy Built

The Democrats have already erected their platform, and the only attendant noise came from the hammers of the craftsmen nailing down the carefully planed planks. There are no rough edges. Harmony was the watchword, in sharp contrast to the struggles over this quadrennial document in 1972.

Is the smoothness of the structure a reason to rejoice? Hardly, except in the sense that the 1976 Democratic platform advertises a reunited party and portends a smashing victory in November. What was striking about the process was the strong hand of Jimmy Carter guiding the carpenters on the job. Barely off the campaign trail, and even before he had graciously accepted the capitulations of his rivals for the nomination (except for the boyishly stubborn Jerry Brown), he was hard at work designing the platform into an edifice he could comfortably forget in the customary American way.

Robert Strauss, the friend of Connally the Apostate, spoke as chairman of the Democratic National Committee when he publicly admired the platform for the "dramatic and magnificent and positive impression" it made. The truth behind that remarkable hyperbole is that it will make no impression at all, except to call attention to the Democrats' determination to compose their differences and unite behind Carter. Its style is Common Denominator Bland. Issues can be discovered in it, in capsule form, but it is certainly not oriented toward the great policy questions facing this country both at home and abroad.

Homogenized is another applicable word. Globules of policy rhetoric appealing to all factions were fed into the mixture but Carter's mechanical blender beat them all to the same smooth consistency. There is so little specificity that it is hardly worth commenting on the individual planks. There is something for almost every interest group, but expressed in language so far from passion that one wonders about the intensity of the party's commitment to such questions as full employment or an end to racial segregation.

What difference does it really make, after all, what the party "stands for"? Party platforms have always been lightly nailed together, strong enough for the big November parade, and then readily knocked down and stored. But platforms should matter. They should be taken seriously by those who write them and those who run on them. The problem is that they are inherently compromise documents, styled to reconcile the disparate, often clashing, interests of regional and Congressional factions, not to mention those of the candidates for nomination. This year's Democratic creation is a little unusual, though it has happened before, in that the nomination is all sewed up and the architects of the platform committee have one prime purpose in mind: to please the candidate, Jimmy Carter.

There are oddities in this year's platform, as there have been in all the others. (The one Franklin D. Roosevelt stood on in 1932, in the middle of the Great Depression and on the eve of the New Deal, went

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beyond the Republican promises of budgetary thrift and pledged "a saving of not less than 25 per cent in the cost of the federal government.") One notices particularly in the 1976 model two statements in the field of foreign policy. The plank on Asia includes the curiously limited and deficient statement that "The Vietnam War has taught us the folly of becoming militarily involved where our vital interests were not at stake." (So it would have been fine to do all the things we did there if there had been an American "stake"—a moral cop-out by the platformers if ever there was one.) About Cuba the platform absurdly proclaims that we can have normal relations with that country only "if Cuba refrains from interference in the internal affairs of the United States." (What "interference" have the drafters encountered?)

A passing glance at the history of Presidential races is enough to show that the actual campaign will have few points of contact with the Democratic platform. Its shape will be determined by Carter and by him alone, and he will be thinking mainly of how to score best against whomever and whatever the Republicans finally come up with in the way of a candidate and a platform. In 1932 the Republicans tacked 9,000 words into their platform, while the Democrats made do with a mere 1,400 words (15,000 this year, down from 30,000 in 1972). The party of Ford and Reagan, if one can think of that as an entity, will have to stuff tens of thousands of words into the cracks between the factions. It will be interesting, if not enlightening, to see how they manage.

Italian Auguries

Italian voters have answered, ambiguously, the ambiguous question put to them in the national election of June 20-21. That question, in effect, was whether Italy's second largest party, the Communists, should be admitted to a share of power with its dialectical opposite, the Christian Democrats. The ambiguity lies in the fact that the Christian Democrats, who have governed Italy, more or less, through thirty-eight different parliamentary majorities since 1945, have categorically rejected the idea of sharing power with the Communists.

The numbers are quite clear, even if their actual effect in Italy's multi-party system is not. The Christian Democrats held steady at about the same proportion they had in the last national election in 1972 (at just under 40 per cent). The Communists gained about 7 percentage points and came in 4 points behind the Christian Democrats, as against 11.6 points behind the last time out. Their new votes were won at the expense of the Socialists, who precipitated this election a year ahead of schedule by withdrawing from the governing coalition and then did not know how to take advantage of their opportunity. The Italian Communists have continued their record of making gains in every national election since the early 1950s.

So much for the bare facts. Their import for the

Notice to Our Readers

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Italians themselves—and for the two superpowers of West and East which watched the Italian election with nervous apprehension—may not be clear for quite a while. The talk in Italy is of consultations and dialogue between the two big parties of Left and Right. The Christian Democrats are resolutely opposed to any more open collaboration with the Communists. The Communists formally aspire to a share of power (based on their proposed "historic compromise" with the Right), but their approach to that shared power is necessarily gingerly. In any such arrangement with their polar opposites they would seem to have responsibility without real authority. A partial solution to that knotty problem may be a covert agreement on certain policies between the Left and Right which the Communists would then support in parliament, at least for a while.

Italian politics, after this election, harbors as many paradoxes as it does parties. The largest and strangest of them lies in the relations of the United States and Russia, which loomed over the Italian voters as they cast their ballots. The truth is that neither of the two great powers wanted a clear result from the vote, and both are apparently satisfied for the moment with the cloudy compromises that will ensue.

The United States began its participation in this Italian election with trumpet calls to arms against the Communists by Secretary of State Kissinger. He went about declaring that a Communist victory was simply "unacceptable," until our Christian Democratic "friends" got the message to him that such clarion calls would only help the Communists by advertising the traditional American interference in Italian affairs. Once that had sunk in, Kissinger kept quiet. (The Kissinger performance reminded former Under Secretary of State George Ball, in an article in *The Washington Post*, of Queen Victoria "rebuking the lower classes.") Kissinger and the present administration are more comfortable with disciplined and subservient satellite regimes in Eastern Europe than with the prospect of a more liberated home-grown variety of leftism in the West—what is currently known as Euro-Communism.

The Russians, too, were finally muted. It took no great imagination for them to divine that lectures on "proletarian internationalism" (meaning, as the Russian journal *Kommunist* put it, that all Communist parties must have as their primary aim to "defend, to strengthen, and to support" the Soviet Union) could only frighten off the Italian voters. The Kremlin has valid grounds to fear the prospect that a native brand of communism, one that no longer opposed "bourgeois" democracy, might spread from Italy across much of Europe, finally infecting the Warsaw Pact nations and even threatening Mother Russia herself. The stand-off in last month's Italian election must have generated sighs of relief in Moscow.

One answer did not emerge from the election, and that is to the core question of how Italy will be governed. The country is suffering from simultaneous inflation, unemployment and a flight of capital. Its creaky bureaucracy is increasingly helpless to deal with the everyday problems any government must face. After thirty years in power, the Christian Democrats seem incapable of any kind of reform. Corruption is widespread and reaches to the highest levels of government. President Leone is widely believed to be the "Antelope" of Lockheed's bribery code. (See Representative Harrington's article, p. 16.)

It is likely that the months ahead offer the Christian Democrats their last chance to govern. This time they will have to do it with some kind of tacit support from the Communists. If they fail again, they will surely be replaced by a government of the Left, one dominated by the Communists. That seems to be the clarity behind the ambiguity of the message the Italian voters have just sent to Rome.

Sanity Restored

Thirty-six years after ousting the late Elizabeth Gurley Flynn as one of its members, the board of directors of the American Civil Liberties Union recently adopted a resolution expressing disapproval of its earlier action. "It is the sense of the board," the resolution reads, "that Ms. Flynn should not have been expelled and should have been permitted to complete the term as a member of the board for which she had been elected." Thereby hangs a tale that warrants retelling.

With anti-Communist sentiment on the increase after the Nazi-Soviet pact of August 1939, the outbreak of World War II in September, and the Soviet invasion of Finland in November, the ACLU adopted a so-called "purge" resolution (February 5, 1940) which held it to be "inappropriate" for any person to serve on the governing committees of the union or its staff who was a member of "any political organization which supports totalitarian dictatorship in any country, or who by his public declarations and connections indicates his support of such a principle." Along with Franz Boas, Theodore Dreiser, Gardner Jackson, Robert S. Lynd, I.F. Stone, James Wechsler and others of its supporters and well-wishers, I signed an Open Letter (March 18, 1940) urging the ACLU to rescind the resolution. The letter makes even better reading now than it did then. "The real effect of this resolution," we pointed out, "is to give the union an opportunity to purge itself of Communists and those suspected of any sympathy with Communists." A sizable minority of ACLU members—perhaps even a majority—felt much the same way. Harry F. Ward, who had been chairman of the board from 1920 to 1940, resigned in protest, and three distinguished members of the national committee—Alexander Meiklejohn, Bishop Edward L. Parsons and George F. West—urged reconsideration and reversal of the action. All to no avail.

The board was then asked to oust from her position as a director Elizabeth Gurley Flynn—a founding member of the ACLU who had served on the national committee since 1920—on the ground that she was a member of the Communist Party. She had joined the party in February 1937, and had promptly notified the board of this fact but no objections had been raised; indeed she was unanimously re-elected to another three-year term in 1939. At the hearing (May 7, 1940), on the charge against her, no evidence was presented that she had ever acted, written or spoken in contravention of the stated

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principles of the ACLU or the Bill of Rights; the substantive charge—there were two minor derivative charges—was simply membership in the Communist Party. After six hours of strenuous debate, she was expelled from the board by a vote of 10 to 9. (Thanks to Corliss Lamont, who voted against Flynn's ouster, the full transcript of the hearing was published in 1968: *The Trial of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn by the American Civil Liberties Union* [Horizon Press], along with the Open Letter, Harry F. Ward's letter of resignation, and the protests of Messrs. Meiklejohn, Parsons and West, cited above.)

It is ironic that the ACLU should have been perhaps the first liberal organization to adopt a purge resolution which had the effect of imposing on members of its governing committees and staff a disclaimer of political belief similar to a loyalty or test oath. The resolution, it should be noted, was adopted a full decade before McCarthyism became a major national preoccupation. Later the ACLU—no doubt reacting to the sad experience with test oaths in the "plague years"—belatedly attempted to correct the mistake it had made. An "objects" clause, which spelled out the objectives of the organization, was added to the constitution. Statements were then adopted asserting that members of the national governing committees and staff should be "unequivocally committed to the objects of this union" and to "the concept of democratic government and civil liberties for all people." This was not quite what the special committee appointed in 1966 to study the problem had in mind; it had suggested that the 1940 resolution should be supplanted by a simple statement that officers and staff members should be "unequivocally committed to the objectives of this union." At the time this corrective action was taken *The Nation* (in an editorial, "The Test of Consistency," August 5, 1968), urged the ACLU to adopt the recommendations of the special committee as initially presented. In doing so we said: "What it comes down to is this: 'the test of consistency' is determined by what a person does or fails to do in support of civil liberties, not by his acquiescence in vague general propositions which are put to him *beforehand*. . . . We hope that there will be another round of discussion within the organization and that it will eventually do what it set out to do in 1967—namely, rely on a simple, clear 'objects' clause. We have never thought that loyalty or consistency could be pretested" (emphasis in the original).

By acknowledging that the ouster of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn was improper and that she should have been permitted to complete the term to which she had been re-elected, the ACLU has in effect met the test of consistency—that is, it has affirmed the proposition that the members, officers and staff of an organization should be judged on the basis of their commitments, as individuals, to its publicly stated objectives and not be prejudged or tested by other affiliations or associations. The union is to be congratulated on the action it has taken. And thanks should go to Corliss Lamont who more than any other person has kept the issue alive these last thirty-six years, and to the other eight members of the board who during that hectic late night session of May 7, 1940, joined with him in voting against the ouster of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Ford's Terrible Wrath

The United States is the leading international trader. It is also the leading international briber. The politics of Japan are in an uproar over the Lockheed scandal there, and the same genial corporation's fiddling for contracts with high government figures in Italy was a factor in that country's recent election campaign.

So what does our government do about it? A Cabinet-level group studies the problem. Its chairman, the pliant Secretary of Commerce, Elliot Richardson, reports to President Ford on what it has found and what it recommends should be done. The President calls a press conference to let the world know how strict our moral standards for business will henceforth be.

From now on, says the President, stern as a Dutch uncle, American businesses will be required to *report* their bribes to a government agency. No punishment, just another report to add to all the others. Perhaps the President will emphasize the importance of the matter by putting the agency that will get these confessions at Cabinet level: The Department of Bribes; John Connally, Secretary of Bribery.

The excuse for American industry's record of wholesale bribery abroad has always been the old one, that "everybody does it." We have to stay competitive with the rest of the world. But, as Senator Proxmire remarked, "Most of the foreign bribes revealed thus far involved American companies competing with American companies for the same business."

Is it naive to suggest that the leading trading nation should be the leading exponent of decent business practices? Is it too much to hope that American industry will rely on its vaunted efficiency to compete in the international markets? President Ford was correct when he said that our corrupt practices abroad threaten "to harm our foreign relations." He found the wrong answer to the problem—really no answer at all, as our canny traders will be the first to see.

Leftists in Limbo

Every day, every hour, the pandemic of right-wing terror that has engulfed Latin America claims new victims. The latest country to succumb is Argentina, and as would be expected, the soldiers there are doing their deadly work. The reports of mass arrests, torture, suspension of civil liberties, banning of political and trade union activity, and economic austerity (for the poor), are numbingly familiar. But the Argentine picture contains one tragically unique element: the presence there of thousands of political refugees from neighboring countries who, it appears, may have reached the last stop in their flight from the plague.

By conservative estimate, the refugees number 18,000. They come from Brazil, Uruguay, Paraguay, Bolivia and, above all, Chile; and they range in persuasion from revolutionaries to rightist politicians. What they share is the danger of expulsion from the country they have chosen as a haven—and the knowledge that to be sent home would mean certain torture, and probable death.

Argentina's new President, Gen. Jorge Videla, plainly

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regards the refugees as a burden and a menace, and would happily ship them (in cattle cars, one wonders?) back where they came from. But Videla also hopes to avoid the international isolation suffered by the Chilean junta. So his government, in best Fascist fashion, has chosen to act under cover, through terror squads that operate with impunity and by every indication are linked to the police. Chileans have been kidnapped and turned over to Chilean intelligence agencies. Agents of the notorious Chilean DINA, it is reliably reported, cross the border regularly to spirit away their quarry.

Prominent refugees have been seized and killed in Buenos Aires, most notably the Uruguayan legislator Zelmar Michelini and the ex-President of Bolivia, Juan José Torres. The most ominous incident occurred last month, when a list of 8,000 refugees was stolen from a private agency linked to the United Nations. Two days later, armed men invaded a hotel and carried off twenty-five refugees. They were subsequently released, many of them having been tortured.

Thanks to intense international concern over the refugees' plight, the U.N. has been able to find homes abroad for 3,000 of them; and eight refugee agencies in the United States have appealed to Dr. Kissinger to open American doors. One must bet against the effort's success. The State Department has a long and dismal record of refusal to welcome leftist exiles, the continuing delays in admitting Chilean prisoners paroled for exile being the most outrageous case in point. The Argentine situation offers the perfect opportunity for Kissinger to give substance to the noble thoughts on human rights he expressed recently at the OAS meeting in Santiago, but the word from Washington is that the State Department already is preparing to resist the campaign to admit refugees from Argentina. That stand amounts to complicity in murder.

DEMOCRACY IN THE A.F.T.?

GEOFFREY SILL

The American Federation of Teachers, whose motto is "Democracy in Education, Education for Democracy," will have a chance to test its own capacity for internal democracy at the next National AFT Convention in August. The specific issue at that convention will be the future of one of the oldest of the AFT local unions, Workers' Education Local 189. Chartered in 1922 as a union for members of the Brookwood Labor College, the local has always played an unorthodox role in the national union. It has long outlived Brookwood itself, meeting regularly twice a year—once always in Washington, D.C. and once in some other city. Enrolling teachers of adult workers nationwide, and holding jurisdiction over the whole craft of labor education whether practiced in unions or universities, Local 189 has tended to adopt an independent and active political stance within the AFT. But such unorthodoxy makes the local a liability for the AFT's new president, Albert Shanker, at a time when he is attempting to consolidate his control over the union.

There were signs shortly after his election to the AFT presidency in 1974 (when he defeated Local 189 member David Selden) that Shanker wished to eliminate Local 189 as a base for potential opposition to his political regime, but the expected ax did not fall at the 1975 AFT Convention. It came instead in the form of a resolution passed in July 1975, by the AFT's Executive Council, a thirty-person board virtually controlled by Shanker. This resolution alleged that certain locals, by their unorthodox jurisdictions, had made it difficult for other locals to win collective bargaining elections, and directed that locals whose jurisdictions crossed state lines were to be abolished.

The beseiged Local 189 appealed in vain to the AFT Executive Council, and then announced that it would carry its appeal to the next AFT convention. When the local's plans became known, the council decided not to act on the basis of the resolution, and announced instead its own plans to put through the convention a constitutional amendment giving itself the authority to define and redefine the jurisdiction of any local at any time.

This latest extension of the council's authority would have far-reaching effects for every local union in the AFT. Already Shanker's Executive Council is able to control nearly 70 per cent of the votes at the convention through an intricate system of vote-weighting, which puts decisive power in the hands of the largest locals, such as Shanker's own Local 2. Roll-call voting, rather than secret balloting, is also used to monitor and control convention decision making. The way a local's delegates vote at the convention, it is widely believed, has a direct relation to the services and support which that local can expect from the national union in the following year. Should the new amendment pass, it would be possible for the council to eliminate its opposition within the AFT simply by defining out of existence the offending locals, such as Local 189.

The AFT, and Shanker in particular, can ill afford a floor fight at the convention over the proposed amendment. The role Shanker played in the recent New York City financial crisis, which Shanker helped resolve by sacrificing some teacher interests, has caused stirrings of unrest in his own local. Moreover, his initiative in dissolving the AFT-NEA merger in New York State may well result in a loss of control over New York State teachers instead of the increase he had sought. The National Education Association has decided to fight back with an aggressive campaign and war chest of some $3 million.

Indeed, it may be that Shanker's attempted elimination of opposition in the form of Local 189 will turn out to be a mistake whether he should win or lose. If Local 189 is able to organize enough convention support to beat back Shanker's amendment, he will have suffered an embarrassing defeat; if he wins, thereby consolidating almost dictatorial power over the definition of locals, the last remnants of internal democracy will soon disappear from the troubled AFT. That will make it still easier for the increasingly militant and challenging NEA to pick up members.

Geoffrey Sill teaches English at Rutgers University and is a member of the AFT.

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'A SUBJECT COMES INTO MY HEAD'

JEFFERSON'S USUFRUCT PRINCIPLE

ALEXANDER LAING

Late last year, Alexander Laing approached The Nation *with the idea that it should devote a special issue to Thomas Jefferson, either on April 13, the birthday of the great American statesman, or on July 4 of this Bicentennial year. Laing outlined an essay in six parts, which would have occupied an enlarged issue of the magazine and then was to appear in book form. By tragic accident his life was cut short on April 23, when he lost control of the bicycle he was riding on the road to Dartmouth College, where he had taught for many years.*

Laing was still engaged on the Jefferson project at the time of his death, but he had completed a central part, one which concerned the "Usufruct Letter" that Jefferson wrote when he was Ambassador to France to his younger colleague and lifelong friend, James Madison.

That section, which we have edited slightly because it is now all that we have and not part of the larger plan that the author had in mind, is published in the following pages. The reader will find it, we feel sure, an illumination of the ideals to which Jefferson held amid the conflicts of theory and personality that attended the birth of this country, a warm insight into the relationship between two of the great founders, and a moral imperative of sharp relevance today from the man who wrote our Declaration of Independence and first set down the table of liberties which we know as the Bill of Rights.

At the time of his death, Alexander Laing had been at work on a biography of Commodore William Bainbridge, one of Jefferson's naval officers. He had put it aside to write the present work, which in all likelihood is the last to come from the pen of a man who in his historical studies, his poetry and his teaching upheld the vision of greatness on which our nation was established.

I

Americans are said to be born either Hamiltonians or Jeffersonians. Although most live out their days unaware of the contrasting symbolism, they behave like predestined hero-worshipers of one, but not the other, of these statesmen who established, early in the 1790s, a durable stress that has powered our politics ever since. Alexander Hamilton stood for central control, in the interest of commerce and its fiscal institutions. There was no novelty in his program except its name. Toryism, the appropriate descriptive noun, had fallen into disrepute during the recent Revolutionary War. Neo-Tory Hamiltonians therefore invented a discreet new name; they called themselves Federalists. Admirers of Jefferson, who as Minister to France was too far away to be promptly consulted, responded at first by identifying themselves in mere negation as Anti-Federalists.

After his return from Paris at the end of 1789, Jefferson began to describe his odd aristocratic commitment to the interest of plain citizens as Republicanism, a familiar term. Some of his followers gave it a candid emphasis; they said they were Democratic Republicans. Hamilton recommended long-tested procedures of government; Jefferson's were broadly novel. Since politics is the art of eroding definition, it should be no surprise that a confused New Federalism first emerged in our recent Democratic administrations, or that our Grand Old Republican Party has disembarrassed itself of almost every trace of the Jeffersonian Republicanism reaffirmed by Conscience Whigs and Jackson Democrats who came together to found it in 1854. These, as they shaped a party to be led by Abraham Lincoln, had each a clear line of derivation from the original Democratic Republicans. Both groups, blending their fortunes, acknowledged Jefferson as their mentor; but the next major effort to reinvigorate his Republicanism, in the 1930s, was marked by a final confusion of names. A Republican Party that had forgotten both Jefferson and Lincoln, in order to honor Hamilton perfectly, was then diminished to impotence by the flow of its disenchanted members into a new coalition assembled by Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who was aristocratically committed, as Jefferson had been, to the plainest of plain citizens: the common man.

One of Roosevelt's ardent early supporters, Rep. Samuel B. Pettengill, had become somewhat disenchanted by 1938 when he published *Jefferson the Forgotten Man*. Pettengill rebuked an increasingly authoritarian New Deal by prefacing his book with a remark ascribed to Lincoln: "Soberly it is now no child's play to save the principles of Thomas Jefferson from total overthrow in this nation." It never has been child's play. A sense of concern that Jefferson has been forgotten is recurrent. His influence upon the thinking of both Lincoln and Roosevelt was blunted against characteristically Hamiltonian measures insisted upon by practical politicians to offset impending calamities of the sort which, it always turns out, cease to impend only when succeeded by others of a like gravity. In the aftermaths of great wars that destroyed both statesmen, distinctively Jeffersonian elements in the programs of Lincoln and Roosevelt were frittered away by fortuitous successors.

A pervasive viciousness that develops under Hamilton's concept of centralized power in the interest, primarily, of commerce, has been newly exposed to us through stunning political concussions which interrupted our uneasy progress toward the Bicentennial celebration of our origins as an experimental nation. The plea-bargaining confession of crime in office by a resigning Vice President; the following resignation of a President who proved willing to accept a pardon for crimes he may have committed; the conviction of co-conspirators whom he had appointed—these, with other revelations involving contempt for the law in agencies of government, provide arguments in abundance for a prompt revival of the corrective Jeffersonian counterforce that held Toryism in check during the early decades of our once great republic.

Betrayals of public trust, similar to the recent ones in

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kind if not as deeply pervasive, were revealed in the 1920s. The dwindling of that effervescent decade produced a terse dramatization by James Truslow Adams of the public's disregard for the historical symbolism of our political balance: "We practice Hamilton from January 1 to July 3 every year," he observed. "On July 4 we hurrah like mad for Jefferson. The next day we quietly take up Hamilton again for the rest of the year as we go about our business." It may sadly be asked whether, since the formal surrenders that seemed at the time to terminate World War II, we have raised even a hollow squeak for Jefferson on any day of the year. This is the more puzzling because it has been a period of intense if belated research into the Jefferson archives.

Adams, having published his mocking epitome of the problem, did make a strange sort of effort to do something about it. In the introduction to his political biography, *The Living Jefferson* (1936), he announced his hope that the book would help to restore a fair balance between the two primary influences at the origins of American public life. The reception of his endeavor tells something of the complexities of that task. Abroad as well as in his own country, eminent critics with a particular knowledge of both statesmen judged it to be an ill-disguised tract in favor of the Hamiltonian position. No alert reader who persisted into the two concluding chapters could have doubted that this Adams was chiefly concerned with an acidulous attack upon the current most evident symbol of the Jeffersonian view, President Roosevelt. From motives quite different, the biographer was dealing with the same phenomenon that would be addressed by Pettengill two years later: the tendency of frustrated libertarians to evolve arbitrary powers for use against entrenched, reactionary opponents.

One reason for the steadiness of Hamilton's usually unacknowledged influence may be perceived in the orthodox simplicity of his beliefs. They present few problems to the like-minded because they were derived from the distilled, cynical wisdom of trading nations dominant prior to the French Revolution, most successfully expressed in elastic devices of arbitrary power, such as the Orders in Council of the British Empire. Jefferson, in France and during his humiliating visit at the Court of St. James, had observed the callous wickedness of such a government's disregard for its effect upon the powerless majority. Hamilton never witnessed, in the stark contrasts of luxury and starvation presented by London and Paris, the inequities of a system he admired from afar because it guaranteed to the trading community a good share of the wealth it derived from the labor of the many. It was the Jeffersonian element that gave to the government of the United States its hopeful experimental aspect throughout the first three or four decades of the 19th century.

To say this is to simplify, of course. There were the slaves. There were the Indians. Even Americans exhibited the inherent depravity of mankind. Yet an exhilarating difference stood out also, to startle Alexis de Tocqueville along with other visitors less sympathetic. The difference was Jeffersonian. The Hamiltonian element in American life, so far as it was evident in the days of its early partial eclipse, offered no surprise to Europeans well acquainted with the ancient phenomenon of backstairs access to the houses of power. The effects traceable to Jefferson seemed both new and exciting. Many historians, including such unfriendly ones as Henry Adams, have identified this Jeffersonian component as the distinctive factor that made the American experiment in the structuring of politics a model to all men. Superiority in the humane uses of government has been the nub of our claim to world leadership, the excuse for our attempts to bend the political practices of distant nations nearer to the merit of our own unusual ways. How is it to be explained that, while doing so, we have reverted deeply into the deceitful cynicism of commonplace, old-fashioned statecraft—the sort advocated by Hamilton, brought to a bleak perfection by Prince Metternich, and employed of late with such confident ineptness by Henry Kissinger?

Born Hamiltonians among us have had a steady advantage: in history's afterglow, their originally secretive great Federalist is the easier to be sure of because he always addresses himself to an affluent minority who have cohesive interests. Jefferson, mysterious, many-faceted, has receded over long periods of deceptive well-being to be evoked in desperation when nothing smaller than his pervasive "attachment to the general rights of mankind"—as he phrased it for welcoming neighbors upon his return from Paris—seems adequate to solve the crisscross problems of all sorts of citizens.

A duplex, Manichean image of Jefferson emerged early in his career. Marie Kimball, one of his more perceptive biographers, points to his bad luck in first being portrayed widely in print, while still alive, by harsh enemies—chiefly in John Marshall's *Washington*. The reticent hero did almost nothing to help those who, all along, have puzzled over his enigmatic choices. His friends regarded with impatience his frequently expressed distaste for public office, which could be taken by the unfriendly as evidence of his own awareness that he was ill-suited to its ordinary functions. His sudden flights into a sequestered privacy promptly opened his larger political concepts to intemperate attacks as the foibles of a dilettante.

There is the nub of our problem. The mundane mechanism of practical politics, expressed in Hamiltonian arrangements, is constant. Fructifying political ideas have to await their hour. Once in a while, when a concurrence of circumstances produces such an hour, the long future is greatly altered—not for the better, always, but altered. The concepts of John Locke were curiosities of the cloister for almost a century until a group of extraordinary Americans put them to work. Those of Karl Marx did not have to wait quite so long for a concert of minds and circumstances in Russia. The question for us is whether we have at last grown up enough to confront the major ideas of Jefferson. The hard test of our readiness will be the most pervasive but least understood of all his concepts, which he summarized in a letter composed in Paris for his beloved disciple, Madison, on September 6, 1789: "A subject comes into my head. . . . The question Whether one generation of men has a right to bind another. . . . I set out on this ground, which I suppose to be self evident: '*that the earth be-*

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longs in usufruct to the living': that the dead have neither powers nor rights over it."

Those who from time to time have given that "question" so much as a moment's objective assessment have responded, at their friendliest, with the realization, yes, but it would upset too much; it reaches into everything we do. Exactly. Having been brought to our present shambles by a contrary doctrine dictating all our habitual arrangements—a system of assumptions that has poisoned our soil and air, fouled our waters, rotted out our cities, ruined the self-reliance of plain citizens, and squandered the once great strength of our moral posture throughout the world—what else should we be concerned with, other than concepts capable of a deep, unsettling thrust into everything we do?

II

The test of a greatly important political mind is the continuing relevance of its perceptions through changing circumstance, its ability to fix, amid transience, upon what is permanent in the nature of human society. The very greatest of all statesmen are those who have been able to perceive, in the present of their own lifetimes, problems certain to be even more important later on. Contemporaries who felt endangered, in their possessions or their equanimity, by Jefferson's proposals accused him of being a visionary. If the sense of seer is substituted for the slur intended, they were right. Humdrum realists dismiss vision and prophecy with an actuarial supposition. A few things foreseen by luck do happen, they say; the innumerable wrong forecasts are forgotten. This is fair enough when turned against those who claim prophecy as an adjunct to activities otherwise undistinguished. The power of vision in minds that have established their greatness through their other qualities differs from the prophesying of events insofar as it proceeds from the study such minds have given to human relationships and human behavior.

"A subject comes into my head." This could be taken as revelation, the process of the visionary, were it not for a statement that follows: "The course of reflection in which we are immersed here on the elementary principles of society has presented this question to my mind." The argument into which Jefferson then proceeds denies any right of the dead to constrain the living; yet for this very reason it also denies to those now living some kinds of behavior inimical to the rights of others who will be living at a future time. In 1789, foreseeing that a "subject" not yet urgent in America would become increasingly so, he argued that it could best be dealt with while a new nation was establishing its governmental structure, amid old nations rumbling with revolutionary efforts to shake off the dominance of their own dead.

The deepening relevance nowadays of Jefferson's usufruct letter, as well as a bizarre history of past reactions to it, can best be examined within the frame of two thoughtful responses to the seminal document, one the earliest and the other the most thoroughgoing. The first reaction came from James Madison, the valued friend for whom this letter was composed; the extensive study was published when conditions had vastly altered, 160 years later, by Adrienne Koch, an able scholar who

Engraved from a Painting by Chappel
Thomas Jefferson

earned her opinions through deep and original archival research.

Distrustful of snoops who methodically broke the seals of his correspondence in transit, Jefferson became his own postman in carrying the usufruct letter home with him from France. He thus had a four-month period, freed from routine commitments, in which to think further about a "question" which he believed to be "of such consequences as not only to merit decision, but place also, among the fundamental principles of every government."

Commentators so far have evaded the plain inference that these emphatic words were drafted with care to jolt Madison's sensibilities, and that their writer had at least one explicit reason for doing so. About a week after the envoy's arrival, the younger statesman rode up to Monticello. President Washington had assigned him the task of persuading his reluctant mentor to become the first Secretary of State, but they talked about the usufruct letter somewhat. Jefferson did not hand it over at the time; he had one important revision in mind, and lesser ones may have occurred to him during the conversation. His rewritten letter, bearing still the September Parisian date, was posted on January 9, 1790 with a covering note which could be taken to mean that it accompanied an unchanged original. "After so long lying by me, and further turning the subject in my mind, I find no occasion to alter my mind," he explained. Calculated de-

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ception? If so, it mildly offset a more profound evasion by Madison. Many changes in the redrafted usufruct letter were aimed at stylistic felicity: the sort that occur to any accomplished writer in the act of copying. What is most notable is that four months of "further turning the subject" over in his mind served only to strengthen Jefferson's detailed arguments. This is the case with the single basic alteration, the shortening of a generation's span from thirty-four to nineteen years, requiring consequent corrections in some demographic calculations.

The words, "among the fundamental principles of every government," repeated from the original draft, were impishly addressed to a statesman who was later to be called the Father of the Constitution. On the floor of the Convention, Madison had done his quite wonderful best as the composer of several almost fatal quarrels. With the aid of many books chosen in Paris by his forewarned correspondent, he had alternately employed suavity and forcefulness to enlarge the document's provisions for the general welfare, much beyond the desires of the ardent Hamiltonians even if they fell short of the result for which the Jeffersonians had clamored. This, consequently, was a hard season in which to confront Madison with a "fundamental principle" that had drifted into his friend's eminent head a few days less than two years after the Constitutional Convention had completed its task. When Jefferson ended his five-year exile from Monticello, what has proved to be the most durable of written Constitutions had still some distance to travel through the ratification process, even though enough states had approved it to put the new government into operation.

Soon after a copy of the Convention's product reached Paris, late in 1787, Jefferson had reacted sharply to its unforgivable flaw, the absence of a bill of rights. In a long analysis presenting quiet arguments for the improvement of other features, he had expressed to Madison upon this vital point the terse, unequivocal opinion that a bill of rights was what "the people are entitled to against every government on earth." Shifting from an earlier, convenient position that rights were natural and need not be codified, Madison, on June 8, 1789, had argued in the First Congress for internal amendments of the new Constitution to answer the faraway Jefferson's objection. The legislators had preferred instead to bunch an approximation of these proposals into a separate cluster of twelve afterthoughts which half a year later still were buffeting their way through the state legislatures when the American minister to France came home to his little mountain. Ten of the twelve would survive as our Bill of Rights.

Such were the uncertainties amid which Madison had been fitting together the essential struts of a generally acceptable government. If the basic subject of the usufruct letter had reached him in time for presentation among other "fundamental principles"—some of which it would have made untenable—yelps of outrage would have sounded from the Convention's floor. Aware of this, Madison responded suavely. The idea, he agreed, was "a great one, and suggests many interesting reflections to legislators." The lifelong friend through whom Jeffersonian principles were to be channeled most steadily into political application thereupon brushed this "great one" aside with a sequence of practical legislator's "reflections." Their circumspect phrasing does little to soften his cumulative appraisal of Jefferson's most basic and pervasive political ideas as the ill-considered foible of a dilettante too long removed, in the perfumed air of Parisian salons, from the sweaty tussles of rough American politics.

Madison, small and delicate of body, was lecturing his physically tough, tall friend upon the limits of possibility when dealing with men driven by self-interest, sectional as well as personal: men of the sort who had pushed the Convention to the edge of ruin again and again. Apart from a developing mutual trust, the younger of these two friendly statesmen had not yet moved as far as he would soon have to go—with dramatic abruptness—into the outright Republican position. The division between theoretical federalists and anti-federalists was still amorphous at the edges. Madison, throughout the Constitutional Convention, had presented himself as a federalist in the as yet uncapitalized sense, a believer in the full transfer of sovereignty by the loosely federated states to one central national government; but after the great compromise was adopted, to the full satisfaction of nobody, some consequent implications moved him to conceal from Jefferson for almost a year the fact that he was acting as one of three alter egos who shared the signature "Publius" as they composed the remarkable *Federalist* essays to solicit support for the document that had been bickered into shape during a mercilessly hot Philadelphia summer.

For the task of trying to identify the author of each anonymous "federalist paper," two reasons stand out. The more important is the determination of Hamilton's influence in the making of the Constitution itself. He was not an eager participant in day-by-day debate. His major effort was packed into one speech of more than five hours' duration, reported as having been received with silent respect but no expressions of concurrence. This, delivered in the Convention's fourth week, had the utility of presenting in good order one of the extreme positions. It advocated a frank adaptation, so far as American circumstances would permit, of the highly successful British pattern of government. Hamilton, whose instructions as a delegate from New York were in need of clarification, thereafter absented himself from most of the Convention's deliberations, but turned up again near the end to work hard toward the achievement of the final compromises, and to sign the document as an individual. It bore little overt resemblance to the authoritarian model he had presented, but he preferred it even so to the Articles of Confederation it was meant to replace. Beyond that, it was vague enough in its phrasing to call for further elucidation at almost every point.

With a dramatic perception that it would govern, not by what it seemed to say to different readers but by what its terse generalities were authoritatively judged to mean in particular cases, Hamilton made a quick swing into the process of interpretation. Since the document had to be approved by state conventions before interpretation would have any merit, Hamilton organized the project of the *Federalist* essays to accomplish both aims, not in time-wasting sequence but together. The earliest

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interpreters would seize the advantage. If their persuasions did move the states toward its adoption, their words would stand as a record of what those who voted for it had understood it to mean.

Hamilton wrote the first paper, then passed the quill to Jay for the next four. When this collaborator's illness caused Hamilton to reassume full responsibility, his energies surged. New York newspapers carried all eighty-five "federalist papers" between October 27, 1787 and April 2, 1788. This rapid rate, about four a week, would have been a hard enough routine assignment for a practiced journalistic team of three. The fact that it called as well for creative thought, proceeding from an extraordinary range of knowledge in complex circumstances, gives the product an unexampled place in the history of political philosophy. The intensity of the achievement is further apparent in the long sequences of papers prepared by only one contributor at the same fast pace. Hamilton wrote twenty-seven of the first thirty-six essays himself, and all of the last twenty-two. Madison did a midway sequence of twenty-one. There was some trading of notes but not much discussion of individual essays in preparation. With delegates to state conventions standing for election in the spring, the time element was too urgent. Still, it was a well-organized collaboration, an aspect of it that has provided the second principal reason for determining the authorship of disputed papers. What does a remarkably homogeneous endeavor suggest of harmony between its two chief participants: the emergent, basic enemy of the absent Jefferson, and the steadiest of his noteworthy friends? How much did Madison's immersion, not only in the extraordinary tactical maneuvering of the Constitutional Convention but promptly thereafter in the Hamiltonian project of the *Federalist* papers, constrain his judgment when he was confronted by the "great" proposal in the usufruct letter?

During the half year when the *Federalist* essays were making their initial appearances, Madison addressed four letters to Jefferson, reporting chiefly upon the ratification problem, but none of them even hinted at their writer's own deep involvement in an intense campaign of political persuasion directed to that end. They said nothing of the identity of "Publius," although General Washington had been informed of it much earlier. Even after the *Federalist* papers had been gathered into two volumes, published in the spring, Madison's reticence persisted through letters posted in April and July. It was not until August 10, 1788, concluding a long report upon further adventures in the ratification struggle, that Madison at last confessed, in code, his participation in *The Federalist*. "I believe I never have yet," he wrote, *"mentioned to you that publication. It was undertaken last fall by Jay, Hamilton and myself.* The *proposal came from the two former."* When the letter reached Paris this was hardly news to the recipient. In May a mutual friend had sent him Volume I of the essays with a correct surmise of the identity of its authors.

Jefferson's response to the confession, taken soberly by the biographers who have noticed it, was in fact quite waggish. Since the words italicized above were in diplomatic cipher, at a time when the precaution was no longer meaningful, he elaborately contrived in his turn not to mention any of the three names. Having studied both volumes of *The Federalist* with "care, pleasure, and improvement," he could see "nothing in it by one of those hands, and not a great deal by the second." This usually

1788: The New York Parade to Celebrate the Ratification of the Constitution. Hamilton's Float Passing Through Bowling Green.

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exact writer refrains from saying "the first," but does say "the second." If we assume that Jefferson was following the sequence given by Madison in his coded phrase, modern scholars agree with the first part of the judgment: Jay's pieces all are so slight that someone having no idea of their number well might pass over them as the lapses of another contributor. But was Hamilton's perceivable contribution, again to one who had no information about the proportions contributed by three writers, describable as "not a great deal"? Jefferson goes on in his next statement to make the identifications, as he is using them, evident but not easy. "It does the highest honors to the third, as being, in my opinion, the best commentary on the principles of government that ever was written."

The young friend who for so long had concealed his identity as one-third of "Publius" could assume that "the highest honors" were meant for him. If he did so, however, he had also to be content with an embarrassing codicil: "In some parts it is discoverable that the author means only to say what may be best said in defence of opinions in which he did not concur."

The younger man seems to have taken this admonition meekly. There is nothing more to the point in the nine letters he sent to his friend in Paris during the year that followed. Since the two of them, Jefferson chiefly as theorist, Madison more the practical negotiator, were moving toward a great collaboration that defined the course of American democracy through the first third of the 19th century, this early episode has to be scrutinized to perceive the human and personal as well as the political context in which the adept, rising politician shunted aside the vast and troublesome idea presented in the philosopher's usufruct letter. Each had put his basic stamp upon one of our two primary political covenants, but each had done this in the absence of the other. Madison took his seat in the Second Continental Congress four years after the Declaration of Independence had been voted. Jefferson, despite his provision in advance of many books on the nature and history of constitutions, had been prevented by oceanic distance from making usable responses to any of the secret proceedings of the Constitutional Convention.

The circumstance that Jefferson's opinions upon particular matters could not be verified when prompt decisions were required eased Madison's expedient collaboration with Hamilton. The essential unity between these two, on the spot, surprising in view of strong opinions previously expressed by both, becomes more understandable if it is remembered that they were shaping in concert a document couched in large abstractions, which was in its nature therefore ambiguous. Their alienation began with the Congressional effort to perceive assured meanings as new laws were drafted to deal with particular problems.

The emergence of Hamilton as Jefferson's necessary enemy became evident during the second session of the First Congress, soon after Madison composed his careful response to the revised usufruct letter. Most of its objections can be comprehended as a summing up of hard parliamentary lessons learned during his self-disciplined concurrence with Hamilton's stubborn opinions. That patient subordination, revealed to Jefferson's insight at several points in *The Federalist*, appears to have made Madison more ready, during the year 1790, for a forthright swing away from his tactical allegiance, toward the deepening refreshment of a fully agreeable one. He was pivoted into outright Anti-Federalism by implications of Secretary of the Treasury Hamilton's cruel program to enhance the credit of the new central government through its assumption and funding of state debts incurred to finance participation in the Revolutionary War. It was a device calculated to leave multitudinous veterans undisturbed in their poverty while it enriched eminent speculators who had persuaded them to part, for a pittance, with their hitherto uncashable pay vouchers.

Among the drafters of the Constitution were those who are commonly supposed to have believed that the affairs of a new nation could be conducted by upright men who would serve the general welfare with unchallengeable wisdom and without the expression of divergent interests through the customary device of political parties. However, this early episode reveals the same stubborn drives of self-interest as had almost destroyed the Convention again and again.

Some who have yearned to perceive Jefferson at all points as the flawless hero of a righteous posture have faltered over the evidence not only that at times he was willing to compromise a deeply felt particular stance to an accomplishment of profound general importance, but also that he appears to have been reconciled to pressing onward with parts of his cherished programs at the cost of postponing other aspects they wish he had chosen instead. Biographical partisans have been reluctant to see him as a skillful practitioner of what has come to be labeled "the politics of the possible." The agonizing problem of this sort, for most of them, has been his lifelong continuance as a slaveholder, despite his early efforts toward the abolition of slavery. That is a difficulty to be examined in some other place. Here the problem is his apparent willingness, while Secretary of State in the Cabinet that included Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury, to put aside the profound question described in his letter to Madison as meriting a place "among the fundamental principles of every government."

The reaction of Madison to that large claim was written at a kaleidoscopic moment as he was turning away from his intense but temporary preoccupation with abstract political structures to revive for the long future his earlier commitment to the politics of moral purpose. His mentor, having recognized with such deft precision the departures from probity embedded in the anonymous *Federalist* essays, would have understood that this was a time of transit for a valued younger ally, whose unrelenting catalogue of practical difficulties might indeed argue for postponement; but to acknowledge tactical merit in some delay was not to concede that a subject which Madison commenced by calling "great" should be abandoned. Despite inferences in most comments that have been published, Jefferson never did abandon it. His efforts to include it among the basic rules of a new government at the likeliest time, when they still were pliant, had not been welcomed. Even so, he returned to it again and again with a vision of its enlarging importance for his country's future.

It is our problem to decide whether the future he fore-

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saw is with us now—whether we, in our grief amid the ruins of an American example that was once the world's hope, can become the generation competent to perceive and to use the cohesive force in Jefferson's "fundamental principle of every government." With some reason, but with too glib an emphasis, its propounder has been described both as a visionary and as an unsystematic political philosopher. It may have been unjust to perceive a lack of mutual relevance in some of his political recommendations if their linkage can be seen today under the growing light of a vision so long disregarded.

III

One reason for Jefferson's reluctance to head the Department of State had been the description of it as a grab bag of duties, some domestic. President Washington therefore agreed to hold it more closely to the usual concept of a foreign office. Domestic struggles nevertheless had begun to buffet his Cabinet even before his new Secretary joined it. The stringent example was Hamilton's prompt funding scheme. His Report on Manufactures, two years later, was more pervasively unsettling in the long view. Both stabbed Jefferson's sensibilities to the quick. The first thrust two already symbolic adversaries to extreme positions over the entangled problems of riches and poverty. The second involved the Secretary of State's accurate, anguished vision of the effect that encouragement to manufacturing would have upon his ideal society of sturdy, responsible freeholders at work on their modest farms. He did not oppose the application of mechanical processes to multiply useful objects with economy. In an interlude between public offices he himself was soon to become a manufacturer of nails. What worried him was the probability of overemphasis. Hamiltonian forces, these two particularly, were held at a fair balance through and beyond the period of Jacksonian democracy; both have been brought to their ugly, excessive triumph in the devastations of our own days.

"*The earth belongs in usufruct to the living.*" More than a hint of this central assertion appears in Thomas Paine's 1786 pamphlet on banking, which Jefferson had promptly read. It may have left dormant in his mind the germ that grew three or four years later into the pervasive "subject" he elaborated for Madison with a sense of abrupt discovery. During the last year or two of his task in Paris, after John Adams quit his frustrating post as the first American Minister to the Court of St. James, Jefferson had been relying upon Paine for on-the-spot appraisals of British political developments. When the American Minister to France likewise pointed for home, Paine revisited the French capital himself. It was there that he had earlier shared with Jefferson the friendship of an English physician and physiocrat named Richard Gem, to whom a copy of the usufruct letter had been handed some months before the statesman to whom it was addressed knew of its existence. Nothing survives to suggest that Paine himself was ever given a copy, but it is likely that he had a chance to study the one left with Gem by their departed mutual friend.

A year or so after Jefferson took his Cabinet seat, and along with it some constraints upon his own direct speaking, he was gratified to receive evidence that a large part of the "subject" elaborated in his letter to Madison had another, most eloquent, champion. At the outset of a new pamphlet entitled *The Rights of Man*, published defiantly in England early in 1791, Paine repeated as the basis of his argument the sense of an assertion in his essay on banking—that "we have neither the power nor the right to govern" later generations—restating in addition a good deal of the detailed Jeffersonian argument which he supported with aptly chosen historical citations of his own. As in other instances of the independent development of primary ideas (a famous example being the concurrent labors of Charles Darwin and Alfred Wallace toward the theory of natural selection) the cluster of concepts offered in an unpublished letter and in a book written about a year later could have been independently produced by like-minded thinkers without conscious interchanges.

The enlarging concept with which both were concerned here illuminates their difference of posture: Paine the heroic individual, responsible only to his conscience in the shadow of gaol and guillotine; Jefferson the reticent official, just as conscientious, yet answerable also to the conditions of an accepted post. A distinction between their functions as public advocates emerged when the Philadelphia edition of *The Rights of Man* came from the press early in May of 1791. Its preface was a terse, eloquent endorsement by Jefferson, lifted—this time without his sanction—from one of his letters. Hamilton was properly aghast that an incumbent Secretary of State should have applauded a skillful attack upon the roots of authority claimed by Edmund Burke for the government of Great Britain, a power with which the Secretary of the Treasury was doing his utmost in the face of its insolence to maintain loving relations.

The episode points up both the difficulty that Jefferson would have had, during his secretaryship, in advocating any unsettling principle, and his persisting commitment even so to the one both he and Paine thought basic. *The Rights of Man* ignores the phrase "in usufruct," but so does almost every attempt made afterward to comprehend what Jefferson meant. Although he praised Paine's lucid and courageous argument, the interlude of the great pamphleteer's effectiveness as a persuasive ally was brief. Paine's next work, *The Age of Reason* (1794), was attacked with such virulence for its alleged atheism that its author's support for anything else became a dubious asset. Paine was of course a deist, the pure opposite of an atheist, but the last decade of the 18th century in America was a time of hardening orthodoxy among those who still kept a grip upon the levers of influence, in the pulpit particularly. The post-revolutionary generation, startled at being told that theirs was an age of reason rather than of revealed doctrine, began to behave abominably toward Paine, the inconvenient champion of reasonable man, in whom the Revolution had found its saving voice at its most doomstruck hour.

On the last day of 1793, despite the President's wish that he stay on, Jefferson resigned his secretaryship. Though free at last to speak out for fundamental change, he turned his energies instead to the rescue of his plantations from calamities visited upon them by imprudent overseers during almost a decade of his sequential absences in Paris, New York and Philadelphia. Four years of

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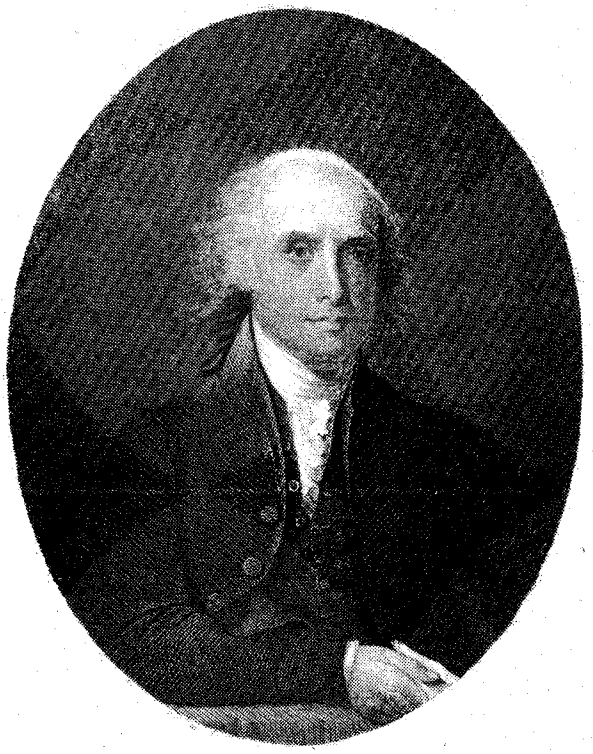

Engraved from a Painting by Stuart
James Madison

staring warily across the table at Hamilton, who behaved as if he were the constant guardian of a valid foreign policy, would have given the actual head of the State Department a melancholy estimate of his chance for success at any early date as an advocate of deep constitutional change. His decision to resume an interrupted career in agriculture expressed, nevertheless, an exact sense within his private orbit of the public principle rejected with distant courtesy by Madison, his most reliable friend in the government.

Jefferson was a scrupulous writer, not given to the wasting of words. He had been fixed upon for just that reason to draft the Declaration, in which he had spared his readers a great deal of explanation by asserting that some truths were "self-evident." He was as terse thirteen years later in calling it "self-evident" that the earth belongs to the living, but "*in usufruct*." The writer and the friend he was addressing both were eminent lawyers of the generation blessed incomparably by the emergence of Blackstone's *Commentaries*, which contains Sir William's discussion of the "usus fructus of the civil law." Yet Madison's response does not suggest that he noticed anything more in his friend's legal Latin than the elegant verbiage often inserted to baffle laymen and thus increase their dependence upon learned members of the bar.

In the Oxford *New English Dictionary* the primary definition of usufruct is: "1. *Law*. The right of temporary possession, use, or enjoyment of the advantages of property belonging to another, so far as may be had without causing damage or prejudice to this." The concept of usufruct had been important in the preservation of estates handed down through primogeniture, an oldest son being obligated to pass on to his own eldest son the same property he had received from his father, still undivided and uninjured. Each lifetime possessor could use the fruits, but not the substance. If he should be, as landed gentry sometimes were, a reckless gambler, no portion of his estate *in usufruct* could be pledged or seized to liquidate a debt. If a forest should be sold off for ships' timbers the proceeds must be reinvested so as to maintain, to the satisfaction of a judge, the estate's total value. There was the conditional relationship that Jefferson carefully stipulated between the living generation and the earth.

Biographers have shown little concern for the usufruct letter. A few choose it to illustrate an endearing habit of mind, the half-serious pursuit of a foible to see how far it can be pushed in solemn argument. One of them becomes all but apoplectic over it as evidence of a willingness to advocate doctrines positively dangerous. The public image of Jefferson, when shaped in part by either of these treatments, is correspondingly a distortion. The problem began in 1837 with the hero's first thoroughgoing biographer, George Tucker, who places the letter's "subject" among "speculative opinions in which Mr. Jefferson occasionally indulged, and on which his enemies founded their charge against him of being visionary." Tucker summarizes the letter sketchily, adds one quotation from it, and remarks, "Mr. Jefferson's very sanguine temper was never so likely to mislead his judgment as in schemes for the promotion of human happiness." This biographer then presents Madison's response at almost full length, for the first time in print, calling it "very characteristical of the cautious spirit and profound reflection of its author."

Perceiving a few chinks between Madison's numerous items in rebuttal, Tucker fills them in with some somber negations of his own; but he neither quotes nor in any way responds to Jefferson's conditional word usufruct. As a demonstration instead that Blackstone, like Scripture, can be cited on both sides of most arguments, the biographer passes over the jurist's *usus fructus* passage but refers to a dubious contrary: "Men have always affected, says Sir William Blackstone, to do as they please during their lives, and to restrain those who are to come after them; but the principle recommended by Mr. Jefferson is in direct collision with this general propensity." Indeed it is: and Tucker, himself a professional philosopher, is untroubled by the distinction that Sir William in the first instance is defining what the civil law requires for its observance, whereas in the second he is calling to notice a propensity of human nature which the civil law constrains as best it can.

Tucker's 1,100 pages constitute the only attempt at a comprehensive biography of Jefferson to be published in the three decades following his death. The way in which it subordinates a fragmented summary of the usufruct letter to a heartily endorsed rebuttal given at much greater length seems to have been regarded, through several generations of desultory scholarship, as having disposed of the "question." The major 19th-century biographer, Henry S. Randall, assumes a reader's right to make his own judgments: he gives both documents in an appendix to his *Life*, completed in 1857.

Randall, at a longer remove from the events, invites a reappraisal. "Ninety-nine per cent of nearly every hundred well educated persons in the United States, we doubt not, would have concurred with the conclusions of Mr.

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Madison at the period when these letters were written," he oddly estimates, but notes that the constitutions of several states have since then, "with the happiest effects," limited the power of government to contract debts "beyond the life of a generation." That, however, appears to have been the only serious comment by a biographer upon the subject of the usufruct letter in more than a century following its publication. It was allowed to sink back into the company of sparkling notions which a famous conversationalist tried out on his friends, and lightly abandoned when they failed to touch fire to loose political tinder.

Jefferson's later correspondence demonstrates, to the contrary, that his commitment to the usufruct concept persisted, unaltered, undiminished, into his old age. Letters of his that take it up anew with as much urgency as ever have been printed from time to time without drawing significant comment. An extraordinary statement of principle, described as of self-evident importance in 1789 by the statesman who had stamped the phrase "self-evident" itself upon the consciousness of the Western world, did not engage the primary attention of an accomplished scholar until the latter 1940s. The results are included in the 35-page fourth chapter of Adrienne Koch's *Jefferson and Madison: The Great Collaboration* (1950). This chapter's title, repeated as a running head, is: "The Earth Belongs to the Living."

What has become of the conditional phrase, "in usufruct"? Without it, Jefferson's assertion can be taken to mean that the living may do whatever they please with what belongs to them—the earth. This indeed has been the interpretation taken for granted in many somewhat puzzled references, as well as in a few approving ones. The initial abstract statement in the letter to Madison places the rights of the living within drastic limits of responsibility. Yet the two key words that do this have been simply overlooked in most references to it. In a few cases when they have appeared in a quotation, there has been scant recognition of them, if any, in the discussion following. Such consistent evasion should have an explanation. There is one, but it does little credit to the acumen of scholars.

In his usufruct letter, Jefferson states the central proposition three times. With masterful conciseness, he first puts his "subject" into a single sentence of eight essential words. These, in the Parisian draft, are underlined. They are again underlined, but are given additional emphasis, in the revision prepared at Monticello, by enclosure between quotation marks: *"The earth belongs in usufruct to the living."* Then, following the discipline of a practiced writer wary of mere repetition, upon his next return to the subject he seeks to enlarge the reader's comprehension by rephrasing it in two sentences that require twenty-four words. "The earth belongs always to the living generation. They may manage it then, and what proceeds from it, as they please, during their usufruct." The linked statements end upon the legal word that conditions what has gone before. Jefferson's third statement of his subject, near the long letter's conclusion, runs to six sentences, some of them complex. He begins, "This principle that the earth belongs to the living, and not to the dead, is of very extensive application and consequences. . . ." The word "usufruct" is not repeated here, but for the evident reason that the "very extensive" instances that follow, up to "a long train of et ceteras" would make its use redundant. There is, for example, a reference to "lands holden in tail."

For her chapter heading Professor Koch has accurately quoted a sequence of six words embedded in the opening sentence of Jefferson's long and intricate third statement of his subject, in which the meaning of usufruct is supplied by the context of instances which she ignores. This is the same choice of convenience made over and over again by those who have glanced at the letter in hostility or without serious intent. Her own approach seems much more respectful. In her chapter's first paragraph she refers to the letter to Madison as Jefferson's "deepest philosophical critique of constitutions and the ultimate ends of good government." To close the opening paragraph she writes of the letter's "powerful theme 'The earth belongs always to the living generation.' " This again is an accurate quotation: the first full sentence of the two used by Jefferson in his second, rephrased statement of his subject. The important qualification following in the linked sentence is again ignored.

In the most extensive discussion of the usufruct letter so far, Professor Koch never quotes or discusses Jefferson's own terse, primary, doubly emphasized statement of his subject. She finds more than a dozen occasions to quote the simplified form, which can be used to support a reversal of her author's original intent. Upon all of these returns to it she ignores the conditional context left behind. The word "usufruct" appears only once in her chapter (page 64) embedded in an important quotation:

Engraved from a Painting by Trumbull
Alexander Hamilton

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"Then no man can by *natural right* oblige the lands he occupied. . . . For if he could, he might during his own life, eat up the usufruct of the lands for several generations to come, and then the lands would belong to the dead, and not to the living, which would be the reverse of our principle. What is true of every member of the society individually, is true of them all collectively, since the rights of the whole can be no more than the sum of the rights of individuals."

Here the narrowness of focus produces an extraordinary result. The middle sentence in this quotation makes all the difference between Paine's political arguments, far ranging as they are, and Jefferson's moral enlargement of the subject to include the obligation of one of the earth's creatures, for his continuing sustenance, to the earth itself. Yet Professor Koch hardly touches upon it, confining her comment to its relevance to the distinction made frequently by Jefferson between natural and civil rights. That she has some understanding of his intent is evident in her rephrasing, "Jefferson's principle . . . that all men have a natural right to a share of the earth that, with proper cultivation, will take care of the primary needs." Yet it turns out that she is concerned here with a subject he had raised earlier in a letter to another member of the Madison family, a somewhat cautious discussion of society's obligation to secure for any unemployed person a tract of neglected land large enough, if properly cultivated, to take care of his primary needs. Proper cultivation, in this connection, involves nothing more than a measure of the amount of land needed to sustain a family. Having quoted the phrase "eat up the usufruct of the lands for several generations to come," Professor Koch does nothing to elucidate what it reveals of "moment," as she herself later puts it, "to the modern world." Reverting to a narrow definition of "economics," she concerns herself chiefly with an important part of Jefferson's subject, his argument against fixing upon the unborn the financial cost of wars and other dubious projects of the present.

Jefferson's intent, confirmed not only in a full reading of what he wrote but also in his resignation from public office to restore his ravaged plantations, was of "moment to the modern world" as the most central and seminal expression of the ideas we now gather up under the heading ecology. This is, to be sure, something that the 1960s perceived more intimately than the 1940s. □

KILLING IT TO SAVE IT

THE U.S. IN ITALIAN DEMOCRACY

REP. MICHAEL J. HARRINGTON

Washington

Indications are that the United States has been covertly intervening in the Italian political process during these past weeks and months, as the official American attitude toward possible Communist gains in the current elections there has approached hysteria. The position of the administration toward the political crisis in Italy demonstrates the difficulty of breaking our old habits of arrogance about the democratic processes of other nations.

The corruption of postwar Italian politics by American official and nonofficial institutions has been pervasive. We now know that the great multinational corporations, most of them American, have made substantial payments to Italian politicians and parties. Lockheed's largesse evidently included an Italian Premier in the 1960s who was bribed to further the sale of fourteen Hercules C-130 cargo planes. Since the three men who were Premier in that period are now President, Premier and Foreign Minister, the identification of "antelope Cobbler," as Lockheed called him, will necessarily have a major impact on the Italian Government. In addition, Exxon paid between $46 million and $49 million to Italian political parties in 1963-72; Mobil Oil payments to Italian parties averaged $500,000 a year from 1970 to 1973; and British Petroleum and Shell Oil paid $6.6 million to the parties between 1969 and 1973 (the fact that the British Government owns 70 per cent of B.P. stock has been of some embarrassment in London).

At the same time that the multinational corporations were making these large payoffs, the CIA was supplying official U.S. dollars to the same parties. According to the final report of the House Select Committee on Intelligence, the agency gave $75 million to Italian parties and politicians between 1948 and 1972. Of this sum, $10 million was spent in the 1972 parliamentary elections. The evidence is that again in 1976 CIA moneys helped finance the campaigns of anti-Communist candidates and parties. Indeed, *The New York Times* reported in January that on December 8, 1975, President Ford approved a $6 million CIA expenditure for anticipated Italian elections.

This latest CIA installment in Italy must be seen in the context of official U.S. reaction to Italian developments. Ever since Harry Truman decided it was necessary to "scare hell out of the American people" to get public support for aid to Greece and Turkey after World War II, public hysteria by Secretaries of State has become a routine feature of the foreign policy process. The incumbent Secretary of State is no exception. The prospect of Communist participation in the Italian Government has triggered Kissinger's world-historical pessimism about the struggle between Western civilization and Communist "barbarism." At a London convocation of our ambas-

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sadors to Europe last December (a few days after President Ford approved the $6 million) Kissinger defined the issue as a threat to our values rather than our tangible, economic and strategic interests:

> The Western alliance has always had an importance beyond military solidarity. The United States would be alone and isolated in a world in which we had no relations by values to other countries.

If the United States were to become an "island in its own values," he felt we "could probably survive this situation, but only through the use of a ruthless balance of power policy." Such a policy would presumably replace the benign search for world order that has prevailed under Mr. Kissinger's leadership. The process by which the United States could become an island of virtue is a strikingly familiar one. Mr. Kissinger went on to say:

> I believe that the advent of communism in major European countries is likely to produce a sequence of events in which other European countries will also be tempted to move in the same direction.

In other words, United States policy is guided by a belief in the moral superiority of American values and the conviction that our allies will fall like dominoes if the Italian Communist Party participates in the next Italian Cabinet. The formula for American foreign policy remains the time-honored cold-war response: scare hell out of the American people and use the CIA to give our friends a secret advantage.

The administration's response to *The New York Times*'s revelation of the authorized $6 million covert action money was to deny the story while attacking Congress for leaking it. Director Colby said the CIA had "not spent a nickel in Italy" in that period and the White House issued a statement that the President was "angry" and that the leak "undermines our capability to carry out our foreign policy." Colby's denial was true only because the director's contingency fund from which the expenditure was to be drawn had been emptied by the Angola operation, and the agency had a temporary cash flow problem. Presumably the $6 million—and in all likelihood more—has been spent *since* January.

Nor has the private sector been inactive in this Italian election. In May, immediately after the Italian parliament was dissolved, John Connally of Texas founded a group called the "Citizens Alliance for Mediterranean Freedom" to "raise American consciousness about the deteriorating situation in southern Europe, the Middle East, and northern Africa," and to warn the Italians "not to become beguiled by the unfulfilled promises of communism." The group has been funded out of money raised by a "Texas Salute to John Connally" dinner, held last summer to celebrate his acquittal on charges of bribery. The organization is hoping to alert the public in both the United States and Italy to the dire consequences of the "loss of Italy," and "encourage the peoples of the Mediterranean nations in their efforts to preserve their freedom." Connally concedes that this "probably is meddling" in another country's internal affairs but, he says, "I don't think we should be criticized for doing just that. We meddled in them [*sic*] thirty years

Sacramento Bee

"President Gerald Ford, Republican: $374,422; Sen. Giuseppe Cannelloni, Italian Socialist, $2 million; Sen. Henry Jackson. . . ."

ago." The Connally group has a like concern for the "future of freedom" in Spain, Portugal, Greece, Turkey, Lebanon, Egypt, Israel and Libya.

It is impossible to know whether, or in what degree, the Connally organization and its activities have been coordinated with U.S. foreign policy or intelligence officials. Connally, however, is a member of the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, a body of private citizens that is supposed to give the President independent, objective advice about foreign intelligence operations. Connally says he sees no conflict between his PFIAB job and his position as chairman of the "Citizens Alliance"; but, especially since President Ford's reorganization in February of the intelligence agencies assigned to PFIAB a new and presumably more powerful responsibility to keep the agencies in line, it is clearly improper and alarming that Connally should sponsor private intervention in Italian domestic politics and endorse "meddling" as a proper course for Americans.

It is ironic that, during our Bicentennial celebration, and during a Presidential election of our own, this country should once again interfere with the free democratic processes of a friendly country. It calls to mind the Vietnamese village of Bentre, which the U.S. Army found it had to destroy in order to save. We cannot save Italian democracy by destroying it, and nothing is more destructive to democracy than secret corruption. Also, we cannot preserve or promote our political system and its values by denying them. The essence of the democratic process is that the people, through free exercise of the vote, can turn out the top political leadership, and that such leadership will keep faith with the people by going quietly, in the hope of regaining the

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voters' confidence. As Woodrow Wilson observed, non-intervention in the internal affairs of other countries is a corollary of democracy. The two are inseparable in theory and in practice.

Nowhere is this more evident than in Italy where much of the difficulty in which the Christian Democatic Party finds itself stems from widespread evidence of its corruption. We contribute little to the revitalization of non-Communist forces in Italy when we contribute to corruption by CIA clandestine support or by tolerating American corporate bribery of foreign officials. As one self-described "dyed-in-the-wool pro-American" Christian Democratic politician put it after *The New York Times* revelations in January, "If I'd been planning a trip to the United States, I would cancel it for fear people would think I was just another 'bought' politician."

To me it seems elementary that the best way to support democracy in Italy is to trust it. If left-wing or right-wing groups do attempt the dismantlement of democratic institutions there, we will be in no position to object if we have also violated them and tolerated their violation by American private groups and corporations. As a result of my deep concern about the damage that can be done to democracy by the policies of this administration I introduced a "resolution of inquiry" in the House of Representatives on June 11. This resolution would require the administration to answer a number of questions about U.S. policy toward Italy: are U.S. funds being channeled to any Italian party or politician? Are U.S. funds subsidizing Italian media outlets? Are U.S. Embassy personnel involved in any such transactions?

There is one point above all which is paramount in this foreign policy debate: the American public will not long support any foreign policy that is made and carried out in secret, and no foreign policy that cannot stand up to public scrutiny can be successful. Obviously there can be no public debate or scrutiny without information. The policy toward Italy, its assumptions and presumptions, have enormous significance for the future of this country's relation to Western Europe. To call for disclosure and open debate is not a prurient desire to expose state secrets, as the administration would have us believe. It is to affirm the most fundamental features of our democracy. We cannot long remain free and democratic ourselves, let alone help the Italians to be free, by denying democracy at home and abroad. □

A FRIENDLY VISIT

PEACETIME IN VIETNAM

SEN. GEORGE McGOVERN

Washington

When I was sworn in as a United States Senator in January 1963, this nation had already been involved in the Vietnamese civil war for almost eighteen years.

On April 30, 1945, a team of American OSS agents parachuted into the Vietnamese jungle for a prearranged meeting with Ho Chi Minh and Vo Nguyen Giap to form an alliance with the Vietminh against Japanese forces in Indochina. It is an ironic and excruciating coincidence that thirty years to the day later, the last American forces were lifted out of Saigon by helicopter—the final defeated opponents of Ho Chi Minh's struggle, which outlasted his own life, to drive foreign troops from Vietnam. In the three decades between those dates, American policy moved from working with the Vietminh, to repudiating their cause in favor of French colonialism, to supporting a succession of military regimes in Saigon, to a painful and prolonged process of withdrawal, culminating in a panicked retreat.

Now, after all those years, and all those lives lost on both sides, Vietnam has been united in peace. It became one country of 40 million on April 25 when elections in North and South Vietnam put the separated halves back together again as one nation no longer divided by war —colonial, civil or imperial.

Trying to change American policy in Southeast Asia became the driving force of my public life in the 1960s, finally leading me to a campaign for the Presidency in 1972 which was waged primarily on the peace issue. Indeed, ever since my graduate history studies nearly thirty years ago, it had seemed to me that our course in Indochina was neither right nor workable. Always, however, we were warned by the proponents of apparently endless war that if the United States quit Vietnam and the Communists took power, there would be a blood bath of frightful dimensions.

Last January, my wife and I spent five days in Saigon, Hanoi and the Vietnamese countryside. The much predicted nationwide blood bath was nowhere in evidence. Instead it became clear how strongly the logic of the Vietnamese situation argues against systematic reprisals. First, as a practical matter, a campaign of revenge would have required an enormous administrative apparatus simply to locate and identify the proper victims. If the Provisional Revolutionary Government had such a capability in Saigon, it was certainly well concealed. We were told, and it seems quite plausible, that most of the administrative positions in the government were held by the same officials who held them under President Thieu. The PRG did appear to possess all of whatever political power there was in Saigon, but we saw no indication that they—or anyone—actually controlled the city. For example, a question about the source of the gasoline being sold by street vendors brought the admission, "We have no idea." We covered a great deal of Saigon by car, and we walked through the market area on foot. There were sound trucks broadcasting political messages, but there were no visible trappings of an authoritarian state.

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We saw few policemen, and they were not visibly armed. We saw few military uniforms in the central city.

Further, regardless of what its inclinations otherwise might be, the new government faced a political necessity to be tolerant about the past. It seemed clear, in Saigon, at least, that the revolutionary forces were in a minority when they arrived in April of 1975, despite the evacuation of many of Thieu's closest supporters. Possibly some urban dwellers were sympathetic, but most were apolitical. The American withdrawal aggravated the economic plight of hundreds of thousands who had grown accustomed to living comparatively well off the fat of the war and foreign aid. Thus, any attempted blood bath would have outraged relatives and friends of the victims, and would have isolated the PRG from the population whose support it needed to manage the country.

PRG officials understood these realities. They understand very well the causes of the weakness of a succession of Saigon dictators from Diem to Thieu, weaknesses which they had capitalized upon during the war. They were not likely to repeat the mistakes of the old order and impose a narrowly based regime which rules solely by force. To the contrary, the entire thrust of the new government has been to move steadily but gradually, with due regard for public acceptance, to reshape Vietnamese society. And officials who had no qualms about a blood bath surely would not tell visitors that relocation will have to be gradual because people "want to stay in the city." An iron-fisted government would simply force people to leave—as many of them were forced to come to Saigon in the first place.

PRG leaders pointed to the senselessness of a blood bath. As one of them put it during a discussion in Saigon:

> If we executed the soldiers, every family would be affected. They were drafted to fight the war. It was not their fault. Only a very few people have been executed —former soldiers of the Thieu army who were bandits, saboteurs. We have to make an example when we catch them red-handed.

We also raised the question of reprisals with Madame Binh, the Foreign Minister of the Provisional Revolutionary Government in the South. Like other Communist leaders, South and North, she scoffed that a blood bath would be "absurd." She dismissed the final evacuation of frightened refugees as the act of those who had come to believe their own rhetorical excesses. She denounced the airlifting of Vietnamese orphans to the United States as "kidnapping." The Vietnamese love children; their family ties are strong; and they obviously resent the implication that their war orphans will be better cared for in a foreign country 10,000 miles away.

When I pressed the point that surely some military and policy officials of the Thieu regime must be in jeopardy, Madame Binh said that a few "such persons" had been executed, "but only a very small number." No Vietnamese official was able, or willing, to be specific about that number. All of them did speak openly of "re-education" centers for political opponents who were prominent in the "puppet governments of the past" and social "hooligans" such as prostitutes and addicts. An outsider cannot gauge the manner or the precise degree of this "re-education." But to date, Saigon and Vietnam do not have the appearance of a city or a society in the midst of pervasive and Draconian reprisals.

Instead, Vietnamese leaders say they are, and they seem to be, striving to consolidate their popular support. They face hard and inescapable tasks of recovery. To make their victory viable for the longer term, they must heal the physical and human wounds of the war. They themselves cite cultural, economic and political differences between the divided halves of their nation which will not change or be changed easily or immediately. They talk of a "transition period" of postwar reconstruction and reorganization.

But the transition is clearly not intended to be of indefinite duration. Its first phase is already underway. The election of deputies to a unified National Assembly took place on April 25, which was in keeping with their statement to us that such an election would take place in the first half of 1976. One representative was elected for every 10,000 citizens. Xuan Oanh, an articulate and urbane North Vietnamese who served for several years as executive secretary to the DRV diplomatic mission in Paris, claimed that the new assembly would include not only those who backed the insurgents but "some" neutralists and "some" former associates of the Thieu regime. Once again, it is difficult to separate cosmetic measures from substantive meaning; but as I noted earlier, officials of the Thieu government and some neutralists are in fact serving in the current government.

The elections will certainly lead to the formal reunification of Vietnam. There will be a single capital—probably Hanoi, although embassies in Saigon, including the American Embassy, have not been converted to alternative purposes, presumably on the ground that their former tenants may need them again in the future. There will be a single national administrative structure and a single foreign policy apparatus.

But the disunity of Vietnam, reaching back formally to 1954 and informally to centuries before, bred vast cultural and economic differences between the North and the South, and these diversities will not be fully reconciled soon. The differences were readily apparent even on a short visit to the country's two principal urban centers. Hanoi with few automobiles and countless bicycles, is a relatively quiet, clean and austere city; Saigon is still aswarm with Hondas and cars, and the air above the busy streets seems to contain as much carbon monoxide as oxygen. Hanoi has relatively few stores, and most of them stock basic commodities; Saigon's main thoroughfares are jammed with shops, pushcarts and peddlers selling everything from finely made lacquer pieces to cheap trinkets, from American cigarettes and soda to bottles of gasoline. In Hanoi the streets are filled with people, but they all appear to be going some place or doing something. In Saigon many people appeared to be simply standing around; unemployment in the South is officially estimated at 2.5 million people. Hanoi seems traditional and dignified; Saigon, a mixture of East and West, still has a gaudy, carnival atmosphere.

Obviously there has not been an abrupt transformation of Saigon. Compared to my visit there in 1971, the main visual differences I could detect were the absence of Americans and their partial replacement by North and South Vietnamese troops, the presence of posters and

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billboards with revolutionary slogans, and the omnipresent pictures of Ho Chi Minh—including a very large painting above the entrance to Independence Palace.

A substantial amount of wealth remains in private hands, and many major enterprises are still privately run. Madame Binh told us there are five segments to the economy: the portion that is privately owned, parts run by cooperatives, production through a mixture of state and private ownership, collective economic centers, and the state economy. She said those five sectors "will exist here for some time." Others spoke of a twenty-year economic transition.

The first priority is to repopulate rural areas, but many of the families who initially had been moved out of Saigon came back almost immediately. The government has therefore shifted to a more deliberate policy, beginning with the construction of new housing in villages and the reclamation of deserted or war-damaged farmland. As these steps are completed, an appropriate number of people are relocated to areas which can receive and sustain them. A total of 500,000 people have been successfully relocated so far. As a result, PRG President Phat told us in Saigon, South Vietnam is now self-sufficient in rice production. The government hopes to begin exporting rice again next year, after restoring the rice-surplus status South Vietnam enjoyed before 1965.

A conflict which divided the Vietnamese people for so long and at such cost was bound to leave some legacy of bitterness, resistance and reprisals. But more striking are the questions that probably would overwhelm any American visitor to Vietnam in 1976: how in the name of God, or patriotism, or common sense could we have spent so many billions and sacrificed so many of our sons and done so much bombing and killing of innocents to prevent this outcome? It may not be what we would have chosen for the Vietnamese, but it was their country and choice, not ours. It may not be the best of all possible Western worlds, but it is far better than our Presidents warned it would be and infinitely better than endless war. And how can the Vietnamese so readily speak of reconciliation with America so soon after we sought to deny their revolution and deployed our weapons against them?

We walked through the Bach Mai hospital, which was reduced nearly to rubble by the 1972 Christmas bombing raids a month after Mr. Nixon's re-election. Though the hospital has been largely rebuilt, one bombed-out wing has been kept as it was to commemorate the twenty-four doctors, nurses and patients who were killed. We saw bomb-damaged homes, schools, theatres, shops and dikes—the remnants of that twelve-day Christmas bombardment, the worst of the war, which came after Mr. Kissinger's promise that "peace was at hand." The world was told that only one more negotiating session was needed to settle minor "semantic questions"; today, the Vietnamese wryly and sadly ask why it was necessary to negotiate with B-52s.

Xuan Thuy, the DRV delegate to the Paris talks from beginning to end, told us that the October 1972 peace agreement was cabled by Secretary Kissinger to President Nixon and that Nixon "answered that he would agree, and he made an appointment in October that it would be signed." Thuy recounted the breakdown:

> Suddenly Nixon asked for the signing to be postponed for a later time, and he demanded that some agreed-upon provisions be changed. We told him that they could modify details but they could not, it was impossible, to modify the essentials.

In an earlier dinner conversation, Xuan Thuy said Secretary Kissinger had made a "definite commitment" to sign the agreement by the end of October, but that he "swallowed his promise." Thuy said he had asked Kissinger directly if he was speaking for Saigon in making the agreement, and the Secretary had replied: "I would not be here if I couldn't."

At the time President Nixon requested a postponement, Xuan Thuy said, the North Vietnamese received word from "confidential sources" that in fact the United States was about to go back on its word. That, he explained, is why the DRV made its public announcement that an agreement had been reached and that it was to be signed by the end of October—so the public "would know an agreement was made, and that it was not we who were blocking it."

When the talks broke up it was the North Vietnamese's understanding, according to Xuan Thuy, that the negotiators were reporting to their respective governments. Thuy was still in Paris, meeting with Ambassador Bruce, when the December 1972, bombing began. Le Duc Tho, the other principal representative of the DRV in Paris, had arrived in Hanoi for consultations barely two hours before the bombing.

During the Christmas bombing, Xuan Thuy said, the White House sent word that the United States wanted to resume the talks. But he recalled that "our government stated that we would meet again only under the condition that the United States must stop the bombing." The bombing stopped and the peace agreement was finally signed on January 27, 1973.

On the question of American aid to repair the war damage, Thuy said the October "peace is at hand" agreement included a commitment on the part of the United States to "participate in the healing of the war wounds and the reconstruction of Vietnam." Then, at the time of the January agreement, Nixon provided an additional memorandum specifying the level of the aid. Thuy told us:

> In his letter to Premier Pham Van Dong, Nixon said the United States would participate in the healing of the war wounds in postwar Vietnam and would give $3.25 billion in economic aid. He also proposed the establishment of a special economic commission. We agreed.
>
> However, after later discussions in Paris, after the peace agreement, there was no result. We concluded that the American side just promised reparations but in fact they didn't want to implement the promise.

The Nixon memorandum and the negotiating context described by Xuan Thuy both undercut the administration's claim—which was suspect enough at the time—that the Christmas bombing produced major negotiating results for the United States. As Xuan Thuy described it, the January bombing halt was not a magnanimous gesture on the part of the United States but a North Vietnamese precondition to resuming discussions. The bombing could not have long continued anyway, because, at the same loss rates, the entire fleet of B-52 bombers assigned to Southeast Asia would have been lost in about ninety days. Then, as a consequence of the added damage inflicted upon

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North Vietnam, the administration had to agree to a higher level of reconstruction aid.

The North Vietnamese were stunned by the fierce and final Christmas bombing of their population centers, but they are anxious not to blame it on Americans in general; it is always referred to in Hanoi as "Nixon's bombing." They note that a Republican Senator, William Saxbe, now the U.S. Ambassador to India, publicly observed at the time that Nixon had "taken leave of his senses." They remember and appear to honor the work against the war of Americans such as Wayne Morse, Ernest Gruening, Mike Mansfield, Frank Church, William Fulbright, Eugene McCarthy, Robert Kennedy and myself. Every Vietnamese leader with whom we spoke—including Xuan Thuy, Premier Pham Van Dong and Madame Binh, was careful to distinguish between the American people and American Presidents, between what they call "Nixon's war" and what they recall as "the peace movement."

This distinction was repeated and insistent. In the view of Vietnam's leaders, it is probably also necessary psychologically to prepare their people for friendly relations with the United States. There is scarcely a Vietnamese family that did not suffer the death of one or two members due to the war. Flying from Hanoi to Saigon we passed over a recurring landscape of literally uncountable bomb craters. The sight invites, even compels, the conclusion that we bombed wherever it was possible, to the greatest possible extent, to little or no purpose, since our enemy simply moved to more remote areas where bombing was impractical or ineffectual. The only way to postpone its victory would have been to bomb indefinitely—and thus to keep "control" of that portion of the country which had been made an enclave of bomb craters.

As this nation learned in anguish and retreat, the Vietnamese are patient and long-suffering; they are also men and women of talent, grace and commitment. They will not forget a third of a century of their yesterdays, of fighting and prevailing against the Japanese, the French and the Americans, but today they are intent on improving their present condition and planning for the future. They would welcome, they want, friendship with the United States—and they are willing to offer positive steps in that direction. A case in point was Pham Van Dong's response to my questions about the humanitarian issues which have arisen in the aftermath of the war. This conversation, like most of my other substantive talks in Vietnam, took the form of an initial statement of the matters I wished to discuss, followed by a point-by-point reply. At the outset I asked the Premier about accounting for the missing in action, the return of Americans and the relatives of American citizens left behind in the evacuation, and the possibility that some Vietnamese refugees, including several who had approached me, wanted to return home if they would not face recriminations. The Premier answered:

> We are very much concerned with the three points you raised. There is no difficulty with the first two. The third we will have to consider, but on principle there will be no difficulty.

I suggested that even a status report on the lists of the missing in action which the United States had provided North Vietnam would be helpful—a description of the progress of the investigations, including, where appropriate, a simple statement that the North Vietnamese have no information. The interpreter translated the Premier as replying that this was a good "idea." Some time later I was advised that an important nuance had been missed, and that the Premier had approved of the "suggestion," which in Vietnam implies that action will be taken.

In Saigon I presented Madame Nguyen Thi Binh, Foreign Minister of the Provisional Revolutionary Government, with a partial list of Americans known to be in South Vietnam, and another list containing particulars on Vietnamese —some American citizens and others not—whose relatives in the United States had been in touch with my office when they learned I would be traveling to Vietnam. I also asked Madame Binh about the repatriation of refugees. She said that such requests would be investigated on a case-by-case basis to prevent the misuse of returnees for "subversion." Madame Linh Quy of the PRG Foreign Ministry added that the Vietnamese wanted no more CIA agents. Both Madame Binh and Madame Quy volunteered that the refugees who came back by chartered plane last year had been "reintegrated" without difficulty into Vietnamese society.

In every conversation with officials in Hanoi and Saigon, I emphasized that a favorable response on these humanitarian concerns could open the way to improved relations between Vietnam and the United States. I recalled that both the American people and American officials had welcomed the return of civilian detainees from the South and the arrangements made through the House Select Committee for the return of the remains of several Americans.

However, I frankly stated my view that, though I personally favored appropriate reconstruction aid, the administration was unlikely in the near future to propose it, and that the Congress was unlikely to initiate and pass it. I explained that the war had also been damaging to the United States—in spiritual as well as material terms—and that the experience had stirred and amplified a general public disaffection for foreign assistance of all kinds. I also observed that the longer term prospects of reconstruction aid would be improved if it were perceived not as a means of retribution for a nightmare most Americans would rather forget but as a positive development program based on mutual respect and the fact that the Vietnamese both need aid and can use it effectively.

I found no serious quarrel on the humanitarian issues. To the contrary, both the DRV and the PRG confirmed their obligation to account for missing persons and to return any remains. The difficulties of search and identification were cited. One official reminded me that the Vietnamese are also searching for thousands of their missing, and told me that he had personally conducted a search for many months, without avail, for a member of his own family. But I was also told repeatedly that the process is a continuing and thorough one, and that it will be completed. The North Vietnamese insisted that they are not holding and do not know of any living MIAs—a claim recently confirmed by a CIA report to the Congress.

When I presented the lists of civilian detainees to Madame Binh she, too, answered that there was no funda-

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mental obstacle of policy. The main problem is one of administration—setting priorities for departure among residents of various foreign countries, arranging transportation, all in the context of serious problems of unemployment and economic reconstruction.

As it turned out, this general reassurance was not the last word we were to hear on the subject during our visit to Saigon. The schedule called for us to return to Hanoi early in the morning of January 16 on the daily government flight. Just minutes before we were supposed to leave for the airport, we were told that the plane had developed "technical problems" and the flight had been postponed until the afternoon. While the aircraft was being readied for departure, the PRG was readying a response to the list of Americans in South Vietnam which I had given Madame Binh the previous evening. She met us at Tan Son Nhut Airport and said that "according to the Senator's request, a number of Americans will be permitted to leave."

She mentioned two names in particular—James Klassen and Joseph Brickman—as "being prepared to leave in the near future," and she said the PRG would process the rest of the list as rapidly as "we feasibly can." These two men have in fact recently returned to the United States.

This specific step and the generally favorable reaction on the question of reuniting individuals with their families in the United States were not tied to implementation of the Paris agreement. At the same time these accommodations were plainly offered as a response to my trip, which the Vietnamese saw as a gesture, however small, in the direction of better American-Vietnamese relations. I cannot predict how much further they will go without a substantive response on our part.

Secretary Kissinger seems to oppose any such response; indeed, he has made it difficult even to argue that action on the MIAs is a legal obligation of the Vietnamese. On November 14, 1975, the Secretary stated that the Paris agreement is "dead." For the Vietnamese, the most relevant consequence of that position is a repudiation of Article 21 of the agreement in which the United States pledged reconstruction aid. For the United States, the consequence is a weaker case for MIA accounting, which is another provision of the agreement. This counterproductive position reflects the administration's consistent and short-sighted posture of active hostility toward Vietnam. The administration exercised the veto power to block Vietnamese admission to the United Nations. The administration has also refused thus far to recognize either the North or the South Vietnamese Government; hence, there are no regular diplomatic channels to discuss and resolve humanitarian issues. And if the war has ended militarily, the United States is still waging an economic struggle against Vietnam through trade restrictions which put that country in the same category as North Korea and Cuba. Finally, Vietnamese assets of approximately $70 million in the United States have been frozen.

There have been recent verbal signals, and one tangible step, to suggest that the administration does not expect to hold a perpetual grudge against Vietnam. In an address to the Economic Club of Detroit on November 24 of last year, Mr. Kissinger stated that our relations with the new governments in Southeast Asia:

> . . . will not be determined by the past; we are prepared to look to a more hopeful future. The United States will respond to gestures of good will. If those governments show understanding of our concerns and those of their neighbors, they will find us ready to reciprocate.

It is clearly the time to do so. At the site of our longest and most bitterly disputed war, it is time to demonstrate that we have found once again the wisdom, sensitivity and compassion for which we would like to be known to the world and to ourselves.

As to specific steps, first, the administration should end immediately the present trade restrictions and freezing of assets, formally recognize the new Vietnamese government established after the nationwide elections, and withdraw the objection to a Vietnamese seat in the United Nations. Second, the United States should not dismiss the Vietnamese contention that the Paris Peace Agreement remains in effect. Beyond the implementation of the Article concerning those missing and presumed dead in Vietnam, there are other terms of the agreement, particularly with respect to the international conduct of Vietnam, which are in the interest of the United States.

Acceptance of the continuing relevance of the Paris agreement would involve some reconstruction aid under Article 21 of the agreement. A strong moral and humanitarian case can be made for such aid, and I believe that, regardless of the agreement, it is in our interest to contribute to the reconstruction effort, as we did in Germany and Japan after World War II. The Vietnamese seemed to me reasonably flexible on the nature and amount of aid they would regard as a fulfillment of Article 21. Premier Pham Van Dong put it in terms of the American people having "some part" in rebuilding the country. He did not mention the Nixon memorandum or the 1973 proceedings of the Joint Economic Commission; instead he said: "The exact sum is not mentioned in the Paris agreement, but it is a matter of honor, responsibility and conscience."

There have been positive signals from Hanoi, including the response to my trip. Now the administration should seek direct and official negotiations on all the outstanding issues. And let us act in the same spirit of healing with regard to the young Americans who followed their consciences into exile or prison rather than fight what they conceived to be an unjust war. They were in the right and their nation was in the wrong, and everyone must know that by now. They deserve to come home without conditions or apologies.

Finally, let us recognize that the only way to redeem the deaths and injuries of the brave men who fought on both sides is to learn the tragic lessons for which they paid. They did not plan this war; many of them went to it reluctantly. But all who fought—those who lived and those who died—have earned at least this much: That their sacrifice shall not have been in vain. We can secure that much now by carrying out the obvious resolve not to repeat the same error elsewhere, and by the genuine commitment of ourselves and our country to reconciliation there and here. □

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Doctoring the Medical System

THE GREAT AMERICAN MEDICINE SHOW. *By Spencer Klaw. The Viking Press. 316 pp. $11.95.*

GEORGE A. SILVER, M.D.

It's hard to tell whether the medical-care system became a public issue before or after it became a political issue. That it is and will be an important political issue is clear from the positions taken by Presidential candidates and the discreet rivalry among Congressional committee chairmen for leadership roles in legislative responsibility for medical care. That it is also a public issue is beyond doubt, given the evidence of the spate of books, magazine articles and newspaper stories as well as prime-time television specials in the field. Nixon proclaimed the medical-care "crisis" in 1971, which was something of a novelty in that it was the first time that Republicans, or conservatives generally, had given recognition to the need for reform or change in the medical-care system since 1912, when Teddy Roosevelt included national health insurance among his platform planks in his Presidential campaign.

Congress is represented at present by three books: *In Critical Condition*, by Senator Kennedy; *The American Medical Machine*, by Senator Ribicoff and *How Much for Health?* by Senator Magnusson and Elliot Segal. Two economists have published instructive works, with slightly different emphases: Victor Fuchs, *Who Shall Live?* and Karen Davis, *National Health Insurance. The Nation* also reviewed a counter-crisis book, Harry Schwartz's *The Case for American Medicine*, whose cheerful optimism and warm-hearted confidence in the *status quo* was rather coldly demolished by its reviewer (January 5, 1974).

It is impossible to note all the periodical information, polemics and panaceas that have appeared within recent years; and as for TV, all three networks carried one-hour special programs (CBS, two one-hour programs) which, although largely emphasizing the cost defects of the existing medical-care system, did challenge professional inertia and criticized the leadership in medicine, hospitals and the insurance industry for resisting needed change and improvement in the system.

However, nearly all the writers and speakers have used national health insurance as their touchstone, proclaiming this solution as the needed treatment (or as dangerous meddling, if the authors were opposed to change). The words "national health insurance" symbolized the issue and contained cause and cure. This kind of simplification threatens to obscure the real issues in health, medical-service and medical-care policies. Since the public interest is now awakened and public concerns will be focused on Congressional action, it becomes increasingly important that the real issues be presented and discussed.

The Klaw book comes close to being the best thing in print for that purpose. In the first place, he is a good and interesting writer, placing his facts in order and presenting them clearly and in excellent style. (The polemical pieces, however virtuously intended, have rarely been turned out by literary craftsmen.) Then, he realizes that the medical-care problems are beginning to generate social unrest, which is usually the sign of imminent social action. He establishes the relationship between the kinds of needs there are for prompt, efficient, dignified medical-care services and the human cost of their lack. But he too is tied to the insurance wheel.

The book begins with the cost of medical care as the platform from which the analysis is launched:

> This concern has of course been heightened by a growing conviction that we are spending much too much money for medical care in America, and that much of what we get for our money is either inappropriate to our needs or of intolerably poor quality.

and goes on:

> It is not enough to know that medical care is terribly expensive; the question is whether, and in what ways, the cost is needlessly high.

And the solutions follow a fiscal pattern in many of the chapter headings: "Buying Health in a Seller's Market," "The Bitter Taste of Charity," "The Price of Scientific Medicine," "National Health Insurance: The Need for Heroic Therapy," "Getting a Better Run for Our Money."

Perhaps he understands better than I the pragmatic American mind, and that this kind of emphasis on cost and money is the right path to public understanding and acceptance. In my view, this emphasis tends to skew his analysis and dull the edge of his conclusions somewhat. Since he does understand that it isn't only money that is the problem, he has to warn his readers in the last chapter:

> It would be naive to suppose that changes of the kind I have suggested in the way that medical care in America is organized and paid for will do everything that reformers. . . sometimes claim for them. Certainly they will bring about no dramatic improvement in the country's health as measured by life expectancy. . . . Nor will the reforms that I have proposed make all doctors humane, or secure for the poor the same medical care that the rich enjoy, or do away with all waste and extravagance.

He knows that preserving the merits of the present system while making change is exactly the problem that has to be dealt with in a national health program.

In addition to writing clearly and capably, Klaw has an intelligent grasp of the realities of medical practice as he makes clear in his exposition, so that the value of the book cannot be underestimated as an educational tool. I do wish he hadn't felt it necessary to apologize in advance for offering evidence of the greed, venality, ignorance and arrogance of some doctors. In his introductory statement, he writes: "*A Note To Doctors, Especially Mine.* Since there are passages in this book that may strike some doctors as unduly hard on them and their calling, let me say at once that I am not talking about the doctors who have taken care of me and my family." And he goes on to laud his own pediatrician for "saintliness" and exculpate him and the "tens of thousands of doctors like [him]" from the strictures that are to follow. "If that criticism seems harsh, it is because it makes me angry that so many Americans do not get the kind of care from doctors that my family and I have been lucky enough, so far, to take for granted."

Clearly, no individual can be held guilty for the failure of a social system that has existed for hundreds of years, but what does it serve to leave the assumption that the problem is only that there are a few bad apples to be culled from the barrel? The descriptions in the book that follow, of widespread deficiencies and defects that permeate the system, overwhelming misconnections and contradictory operational modes, do incriminate the entire participating profession. There are too many examples in our recent lives and in the history of this century, for those who acquiesce to orders to be excused from complicity. We may have to be satisfied with less than the best in reforming the medical-care system, but if we do not

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come to recognize as a principal step the need for control of the medical profession as arbiter of services and costs in that system, we shall accomplish little.

By emphasizing cost as the critical issue and de-emphasizing the crucial role of professional control in reform activity, I'm afraid Klaw has thrown an orthodox cloak over his heretical analyses. I can't condemn the analyses, inasmuch as I share his views to a very considerable extent, accept his logic and agree with almost all his conclusions and their consequences. My own emphasis in seeking solutions would be on professional reform.

As a conscientious investigative reporter, Klaw has researched the literature and carefully documented his material. The book will stand as a scholarly resource as well as a readable popular work. He points out the sources of the inflation of cost in the medical-care system:

> Even the angriest critics of American medicine do not contend, of course, that the steep rise in the cost of medical care is due entirely to extravagance, waste, and profiteering.
>
> The need to pay hospital workers decently, and the growing complexity of medical technology, account for a large part, but by no means all, of the dizzying rise in the amount of money that Americans spend each year for medical care. . . . The evidence is quite clear, however, that, in one way or another, Americans are being badly overcharged for medical care. This overcharge may amount to as much as $20 billion a year.

And he makes no bones about the inhumanity of some of the practices:

> Dr. Charles E. Lewis, Professor of Preventive Medicine and Public Health at the University of California at Los Angeles, has observed that "medicine as currently structured is one of the few fields where if a wife really wants a new coat, all you have to do is maybe a couple of more hysterectomies this week and you can buy it."
>
> . . . the total cost of all this needless surgery may amount to well over three billion dollars a year.
>
> Bolande estimates that from one to three hundred deaths are caused each year by tonsillectomies, most of which are unnecessary. A Los Angeles surgeon, writing under the pseudonym Lawrence P. Williams, claims in a recent book called *How to Avoid Unnecessary Surgery* that at least 500 persons a year are killed by unnecessary hysterectomies, and 500 more by unnecessary appendectomies. Unnecessary surgery of all kinds, according to Williams's estimate, takes the lives of at least 10,000 Americans a year.
>
> The same economic arrangements that encourage extravagance in the building and equipping of American hospitals also encourage inefficiency.

Nor does he spare the doctors:

> But he would have had no difficulty in showing that the steep rise in the cost of medical care in recent years has been due, in part, to the uninhibited enthusiasm with which doctors have taken advantage of the sellers' market in which they have been operating.
>
> Whether doctors as a class deserve to make as much money as they do is not an easy question to answer.

Or the drugs they dispense:

> Besides wasting billions of dollars a year on unnecessary operations, Americans annually consume, and pay for, billions of capsules and pills, prescribed by their doctors, from which there is no reason to think they will benefit in any way.

So in his early chapters, Klaw dissects neatly doctor, hospital and drug costs and how they contribute to the skyrocketing inflation that has been the concomitant of the ballooning medical-care system. (From $50 billion ten years ago to $118 billion last year and an estimated $135 billion this year!) He gives the surgeons their lumps, demolishes the façade of hospital efficiency, and lays bare the unbelievable profitability of the drug and insurance businesses, as well as their callous disregard for social accountability or responsibility.

As for quality, he comments:

> The fault lies not only with the inadequacy of our arrangements for medical care—too few family physicians, for example—but also, to an extent seldom realized by their patients, with the carelessness, incompetence, and venality of many American doctors.

Being sophisticated, he also includes the lack of availability of doctors and medical resources as a quality defect:

> The difficulty, as I have pointed out, is that we have too many surgeons and too few family doctors, and that too few of the family doctors that we do have want to practice in the places where they are most needed.

The devastating difference between services available to the poor and minorities and those available to the middle- and upper-socioeconomic groups is carefully noted:

> In any case, it is hard to take pride in a system of medical care that penalizes children (for example, by allowing them to attend school month after month, year after year, when they can't see the blackboard properly) just because their parents are too poor, too timid, or too uninformed to fight their children's battles with sufficient vigor and intelligence.
>
> From a human, if not from a strictly technical standpoint, clinic medicine has another serious drawback: its brusque impersonality, which is particularly disagreeable when, as often happens, the clinic doctors seem to think of their patients simply as teaching material.

And he recognizes and denounces the exploitation of the poor as "teaching material":

> . . . the poor pay heavily for this. As in the clinics, they have to submit to being worked over and talked about by relays of medical students and house officers.

It is true that much of what we condemn in current medical practice arises from the very virtues that created modern scientific "magical" medicine. Klaw delineates the progression of events in his chapter on "The Price of Scientific Medicine" and the one entitled "Some Notes on the Sociology of Healing":

> Much of what is wrong with medical care in America can be blamed, paradoxically, on the power that doctors have acquired to prevent and cure a wide variety of human diseases.

The growth of specialism and the gradual downward drift in current knowledge on the part of the nonspecialists isolated from the teaching centers is an inevitable concomitant of a disorganized and haphazard medical-care system. Where there is no one assigned to take account of the changes in current and direction it is inevitable that the faults that develop will be allowed to grow without correction. More than this, he is observant enough to recognize the doctor-hospital, specialist-generalist antagonisms which generate political disturbances that interfere with the provision of good quality medical care and reduce the effectiveness of the doctor-patient relationship.

The second half of the book deals with some current efforts to make changes in the system and how they are working. These obviously represent Klaw's ideas of what ought to be done. It includes better organization, as in the chapter "The Case For The HMO":

> Given the demonstrable advantages of prepaid group practice, its rapid growth seems assured, no matter what Congress does about national health insurance.

And since, like me, he has a soft spot in his heart for the romantic missionary style in some of these current developments (see the chapter, "Killing Rats in Mound Bayou"), he quotes approvingly a community health worker drawn from the community itself:

> "When I'm in doubt about how to handle myself," a family health worker told me, "I ask myself what my caseworker would have done when I was on welfare. Then I do the opposite."

His bias against "special" programs targeted on those in particular need apparently derives from distrust of government or perhaps of bureaucracy, yet he plumps for a public, governmental, essentially bureaucratic program (see the chapter, "National Health Insurance: The Need For

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Heroic Therapy"), and backs it with an optimistic picture of the Canadian scene. Peter Ruderman wrote an excellent piece on the Canadian health-care program in *The Nation* (October 23, 1972, "Can We Use A Plan That Good?") pointing out that the United States would have some difficulties in providing a parallel to the Canadian program.

At the same time Klaw shares some of my pessimism about the likelihood of our being able to get *any* effective national health program into being:

> But unless Watergate, inflation, and recession are harbingers of a great wave of Populism and reform, such as surged through Congress in the 1930s, the chances are slim that Congress will soon enact, or the President sign, any measure written along the lines of the [Kennedy] Health Security bill. That does not, however, make its passage any the less desirable.

I am reminded of Professor McKeown's comment in 1948, when he was asked if the United States would follow Britain's lead (that was the year the National Health Service went into effect): "Both parties practice a form of political contraception, in which no matter how suggestive the preliminary movements, there are no embarrassing legislative consequences."

Money, and its misuse in the medical-care system, is a *symptom*; the disease is lack of equity, lack of social concern and absence of patient orientation in the medical profession. Strategies that attempt to control dollar use alone will not serve to create equity, to improve access to service, to raise quality levels or assure dignified and sympathetic treatment of the sick. What is needed is a conception of a system as a national *service*, introduced with a legislative statement of the kind made by the British Government in their 1944 announcement of a national health service:

> The Government have announced that they intend to establish a comprehensive health service for everybody in the country. They want to ensure that in the future, every man, woman, and child can rely on getting all the advice and treatment and care which they may need in matters of personal health; that what they get shall be the best medical and other facilities available; that their getting these shall not depend on whether they can pay for them, *or on any other factor irrelevant to the real need. . . .*[emphasis added] and further, to ensure that everybody in the country—irrespective of means, age, sex or occupation—shall have equal opportunity to benefit from the best and most up-to-date medical and allied service available.

My difficulty with this book is not in the essentials it presents but more with what is missing: recognition of the systemic defect inherent in a medically controlled system. At the present time, the complexity of the organization generates too much awe in the client, he finds it difficult to understand its workings and is afraid to tamper with it except as authorized by its chief beneficiaries—the doctors and the administrators of the institutions. In my own view, the public and its representatives in Congress need a thorough education in the component elements of the system, an accurate description of the effects of putting together different elements (solo practice vs. group; fee-for-service vs. salary; local vs. federal control; direct vs. third-party payment; coinsurance vs. full payment), and the design of a few different systems to choose from. The rest could be left to the communities themselves—"informed consent" on a community scale.

To be fair, Klaw does mention, in passing, the need for more consumer participation, but only in passing, when he says,

> There is also the tendency of doctors to resist with priestly arrogance the idea that patients, individually or collectively, have anything to say about the kind of treatment they get, or the terms on which they get it.

This is what deserves greater emphasis, for as I see it, this is the key to the future of effective medical-care programs in the United States. Unless we make it possible for consumers to decide what they want, and how much they are prepared to pay for it, the professionals will continue to control costs and distribution. A national health insurance program in which the community has no effective voice, operated as a bureaucracy from some distant center, will offer little more to the people of this country than they now have and at a much higher price. If the consumer plays a significant role in the decision making, there may be less of something or more of another, higher or lower salaries for the professionals, greater or lesser distance to travel or waiting time for service. But it will be by choice, not by arbitrary professional decision, for the professional's convenience. The Spanish proverb has it, "Take what you want, says God, take it and pay for it." □

American Dream Language

THE DEVIL FINDS WORK. *By James Baldwin. The Dial Press. 122 pp. $6.95.*

JERRY H. BRYANT

I have always seen two James Baldwins: an opportunist who took on subjects and opponents as fashion dictated, and a first-rate novelist and essayist who told us things about ourselves that most Americans needed to know but mostly refused to accept. I never quite trusted his early attacks against *Native Son*, but I thought his own *Go Tell It on the Mountain* was—and still is—one of our finer novels. *The Devil Finds Work* has left me with a slightly different picture. I see in it an older and wiser man who need no longer look for the opening to get himself listened to, but who at the same time has stuck with his old topics in spite of great changes in his audience. Moreover, this book falls far below his earlier works like *Notes of a Native Son* and *The Fire Next Time*. Yet, it has given me an affection for its author that I have never had before.

Baldwin's professed subject in *The Devil Finds Work* is the white American film, and his thesis is that white American film makers have, from *Birth of a Nation* to *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*, falsified the American racial experience in a most obvious and destructive way. This is not a very new thesis or a very hard one to defend. It *is* hard to make it sound compelling and important when the social protest that it embodies has generally begun to dissolve.

The Fire Next Time, for example, published in 1963, became the gospel of a fresh and exciting change in the national consciousness. We whites had never quite seen Harlem, black people, black life as Baldwin made us see them in that essay. And in that year of 1963 and the few years following it, the racial subject and the revolutionary fervor that accompanied it seemed as simple and as clear as the prose of *The Fire Next Time*, and as urgent.

We have all grown older and, along with our children, embarked upon new interests. Of course, we didn't complete the job on the race question. But it was an awfully hard job and we found we could wait until tomorrow without the nation going up in flames. So for Baldwin to come back now for another run at stirring us out of our benign neglect seems to be either ingenuous or perversely and irritatingly tenacious.

But *The Devil Finds Work* is not simply a rehash of *The Fire Next Time*. Nor is it revolutionary in the 1963

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sense. There is something, in fact, a little decadent about it, autumnal, like a fruit that has ripened just a little past the proper time for picking. It is on the down side of growth, without the crisp firmness of its earlier stages. In a way, this essay closes out a vital period, and is therefore occasion for sadness. Not only does it mark the disappearance of many conditions that made Baldwin's earlier work so exciting but it suggests that Baldwin's powers really have declined. Yet, contradictorily, what I want to write about is the depth and wisdom of this book, which comes from a man of letters whose life has been twisted and strained in multiple ways but who has kept his eyes open and his mind sharp. Baldwin uses the movies here as a pot for mixing a number of ingredients, principally his own spiritual and intellectual evolution and white America's assiduous clinging to its self-delusory dreams of reality. "It is said that the camera cannot lie," he writes, "but rarely do we allow it to do anything else, since the camera sees what you point it at: the camera sees what you want it to see. The language of the camera is the language of our dreams."

This is not, in other words, a book on conventional film criticism. But we wouldn't expect it to be. Baldwin has never worked that way. He has always taken the personal route. In examining his own emotions and reactions, it is as if he is examining those of the nation. This has been his importance to us all. In his excursions into his psyche, delineating with Dostoevskian shamelessness the details of his hurting bruises and wounds, he has often spoken for all of us, has offered himself as a metaphor of our self-inflicted national injury. Thus, in *The Devil Finds Work*, the main character is Baldwin himself, and the movie we watch unfold is about Baldwin's increasing understanding of himself and the American film industry, and through it, America itself.

For instance, he tells us that he saw on the same day *Birth of a Nation* and *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*. That juxtaposition revealed a truth to him about American race films—that they have not changed for over half a century. The maid, humbly black and morally angered by any black man assuming equality with her white master, appears in both of them. She is, says Baldwin, the favorite white image of the ideal black. And her continuing presence reveals that white attitudes have not changed toward that image.

It is part of the dream that we sustain with our cameras, however, that we are licking the racial problem, and just how dreamy it is Baldwin makes clear in some illuminating comments on *The Defiant Ones* and *In the Heat of the Night*. Both of these films present themselves, he says, as examples of the growing harmony between black and white. But Baldwin sees them as smug, complacent and false.

Virgil Tibbs, the black detective from the City of Brotherly Love, may teach something to the small-town Southern white sheriff in *In the Heat of the Night*, and it may appear that the sheriff has changed for good. The parting at the train station at the end of the movie supposedly tells us this, as Sidney Poitier, having solved both the murder and the race problem, returns to where whites call him *mister*. Rod Steiger, moved by the new experience of admiring a black man, can only say, inarticulately, "You take care now, Virgil, you hear?" But Baldwin sees it differently. He calls this the "obligatory kiss" scene, which in this film is not "fully executed." The meaning, however, remains. That kiss, the standard American fare, promises not love or sex but "reconciliation." With it, all things become "possible." As Baldwin sees it, the scene is a symptom of the picture's falseness, for nothing, he says, can come of that "kiss" in the film's ostensible reality. Tibbs can't stay in that small Southern town, and the *mister* he is called in Philadelphia is an illusion of equality.

Baldwin bases his film interpretations upon the degree to which the movies he sees confirm what he knows himself from his own experience as a black man. With his own experience as a touchstone, Baldwin implies something about art that has been important to him all his life. Art is the organization of chaotic experience, and though it turns chaos into order it never misrepresents that experience if it is good art. "This is the only real concern of the artist," he says in *Notes of a Native Son*, "to recreate out of the disorder of life that order which is art." In *The Devil Finds Work* Baldwin writes no sentence that expresses this idea. Every discussion, though, is based on it. And his findings suggest that white American film makers, especially when dealing with blacks, have pointed their cameras not at the chaos of authentic experience but the false order of a dream.

He opens with an impressionistic picture of Joan Crawford walking through a railway car, going away from the audience while it follows her. Baldwin was about 7 at the time, but he gives us the feeling of sitting in a dark theatre with our eyes fastened upon the screen from which flash black-and-white images, sounds and light in a jumble of exciting, though bewildering, impressions. Some of these early pictures, he says, do come close to the world he knew. He trusts Sylvia Sidney's version of reality more than that of Crawford or Davis or Lombard because she reminds him of a black woman. Henry Fonda walks down the road at the end of *The Grapes of Wrath* like a black man, knowing the

THE KEY

Come unto the
yellow sands
where shells of gastropods abound:

the hermits here
hide their soft
abdomens in the homes they've found

and in their thousands
purple-clawed
climb trees to feed on mangrove sap.

Many other
arthropods
occupy this habitat

but only roaches
(it appears)
compete with them for food—

both tribes swarm up
the woven roots
in search of juice which they find good

but neither pays
the other mind:
a taciturn neutrality

prevails among
the armored throngs
of equal creatures. Similarly

black widow spiders
scorpions
earwigs, orb weavers, dragonflies

may all inhabit
one small beach
without occasioning surprise.

It's as it were a
unity
of strangers going separate ways

within a shared
environment
which none has power to rule or change.

Frederick Morgan

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stubborn and patient stride of the victim. A little boy in *A Tale of Two Cities* is run down in a village street by the carriage of an arrogant aristocrat. There was even a black janitor, in Mervyn Le Roy's *They Won't Forget*, whose fear of a white mob struck the young Baldwin as real.

But for the most part, white films missed the point, then as now. Black stereotypes played by Stepin Fetchit, Willie Best, Mantan Moreland seemed to Baldwin to lie about the world he knew, "and debased it, and certainly I did not know anybody like them." The remark comes in the first of the three sections into which the book is divided, and it contains his main point —that there is an abnormally wide gap between his experience and the pictures of his experience the movie cameras show to him. Of course, few whites have given American movies very high marks for their verisimilitude. But Baldwin sees in their falseness an added dimension which has a special personal significance for him, one which bears upon the interconnection between art and his own life. The first section ends with an account of his first stage play, Orson Welles's all-black production of *Macbeth*. Suddenly, in the presence of live actors, the reality of his own life and the imaginative world come together: "Macbeth was a nigger just like me, and I saw the witches in church, every Sunday, and all up and down the block, all week long, and Banquo's face was a familiar face." It is not just that the actors are black but that they are there in full physical presence, projecting a reality no film image has. Shortly after seeing the play, Baldwin enters upon his church ministry.

The two incidents are connected. Watching *Macbeth* was his "first real apprehension of the mortal challenge. Here, nothing corroborated any of my fantasies: flesh and blood was being challenged by flesh and blood." This is his old theme—the need to face our mortality, our ugliness, our oneness, black and white. His own art in particular embodies the need to fuse our hatred and love, to confront what we're most afraid of with our best courage. In a way that verges on the mystical, he has insisted upon the terror of this effort, but of its necessity if we are to fulfill our humanity. *Macbeth*, which does this, is too much for him at the age of 13. At 14, he enters the church, apparently to escape the truth Shakespeare's art revealed to him. At 17 he leaves it, again on a day when he goes to a play, Canada Lee in *Native Son*. He does not say so, but I surmise that he had to get out of the church because it did not present us *all* as "each other's flesh and blood," did not embody the truth of his experience. When that happens, the church or the theatre "becomes sterile and irrelevant, a blasphemy, and the true believer goes elsewhere—carrying, as it happens, the church and the theatre with him, and leaving the form behind."

This has, apparently, happened double in our films. And there the devil has indeed found work, for those images of black and white that we get in movies like *The Defiant Ones, Home of the Brave*, the *Autobiography of Malcolm X* and *Lady Sings the Blues* are merely forms that seduce us into a dream world that is more evil than we realize.

I have inferred nearly all of these conclusions and to do so I have relied heavily upon what I know of Baldwin's earlier work. I should not have had to work as hard as I did. Nor am I certain even now that I have correctly read this sometimes baffling book. Something has happened to Baldwin's style here, and to his ability—or willingness—to develop a point clearly and coherently. His sentences are jerky, convoluted, full of suspended phrases and interminable modifications. His discussions seem to be going somewhere, then terminate in a dead end, like an unfinished freeway or stairs that lead to a blank wall. His prose and his ideas *struggle*. Why? This is what every reviewer will be asking. What has happened to one of our master essayists? And every reviewer will have his own theory.

I have already suggested mine. Baldwin has changed like the rest of us. But unlike the rest of us, he has not developed a new emphasis. He has taken the old subject of race and made it even more personal. In doing so he has seen new complexities amidst the old themes, and a social system whose contradictions are ever more obviously more conflicting than contrasting. In probing perhaps more deeply than ever before into American racial practices he has turned up a conclusion that no white will be comfortable with: that prejudice, to put it simply, is so much a part of the culture that to eradicate it means to replace the culture with something else. He does not state this with the younger confidence of thirteen years ago, or warn us of an Armageddon—"the fire next time!" He is, indeed, almost inarticulate, almost like Rod Steiger at the train station; how he would like to believe that kiss of farewell to be a kiss of reconciliation. But old warrior that he is now becoming, he knows the truth with a sadness that goes beyond bitterness and despair. Who can express such knowledge easily?

I am disappointed in this essay. I think it fails as a coherent piece. But that is almost like saying that the aging bear has failed, caught finally in a trap it always knew was there, contemplating its wound and, in extraordinary patience, waiting for its fate. □

The Legacy of Notoriety

GEORGE SAND: A Biography. *By Curtis Cate. Houghton Mifflin Co. 812 pp. $17.50.*

LESTER WILSON

George Sand belongs to that category of writers whose works cause quite a stir while they are alive but do not get much response from subsequent generations—so much so that one wonders why they ever seemed so important. Few authors of her day were as successful, or as prolific. Novels, plays and critical essays, not to mention a four-volume autobiography, stand in testimony to her great vitality and creativity. Regrettably, the self-revealing frankness that is characteristic of much of what she wrote, while remarkable for her time, no longer has any claim for originality, and her intensely romantic outpourings, which must have been fresh to her reading public, appear faded today. Now Madame Sand is remembered for her passionate and dramatic self, and that is why interest in her has survived while her literary efforts go mostly unnoticed. In this light, Curtis Cate's biography helps sustain our fascination with this woman whose indomitable spirit refused to give way to the conventions of an age.

George Sand—she was christened Aurore Dupin—was born in 1804, the year Napoleon Bonaparte crowned himself Emperor. In 1822 she married Baron Casimir Dudevant, as unsuitable a husband as could be imagined, and from whom she won a legal separation in 1836. During this time, and for a variety of reasons, she adopted George Sand

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as her *nom de plume*. Her literary career, which ended only with her death in 1876, spans a period of great change. In 1804 France was just emerging from the decay of the *ancien régime*, but by 1876 was on the threshold of becoming a modern industrial society. It is against this backdrop that her life unfolds, yet Cate never lets us forget in his story that the dramatic Madame Sand, alone, occupies center stage.

What finally comes to the surface in this lengthy biography is the portrait of a woman of boundless creative energy, one whose vitality was a source of restlessness, tension and anxiety. George Sand was forever in movement, and spent countless hours on the road between Paris and Nohant, her country estate several hundred miles to the south. She was always short of money, although her writings brought her a handsome income, and in constant pursuit of the perfect love which, when found, never lasted more than a few years at a time. It seems miraculous that Madame Sand managed to write at all.

The truth of the matter was that she could produce copy as fast as she could put quill to paper. In her determination —perhaps it was compulsion—to prove herself as a writer and as a woman, she wrote when those around her were relaxing or asleep, in the afternoon, or more frequently in the early hours of the morning. On one occasion, Cate recounts, Madame Sand was said to have finished a novel at one in the morning and to have immediately begun work on another. Here was a woman incapable of stemming the flow of words, who, nevertheless, tried to meet the demands of her children and of her lovers, and who succeeded in carrying off her responsibilities with great style. In presenting this facet of her life, Cate has delineated very well one aspect of an extremely complex personality.

He is less successful with George Sand's sexuality. On the surface her most distinctive trait was a desire to shock. As a young woman she titillated Paris society by wearing trousers and smoking cigars, and this is the image we have of her today. One expects, and hears, rumblings of lesbianism, which Cate shrugs off as bits of idle gossip. Madame Sand's sexuality, however, is a matter of serious concern to him. Reference has already been made to her exceptional vitality, some of which fueled the sexual and emotional demands she placed on herself and on her lovers. Nymphomania, Cate asserts, does not adequately describe her case. Rather, he chooses the term nympholepsy, which he somewhat lyrically explains as a "frenzied pursuit of ecstatic rapture, a mystic yearning for the unattainably sublime, a desperate craving for the ineffably tender, for what James Joyce so beautifully termed 'the soft sweet swoon of sin.'" This is not a satisfactory solution, for throughout the book Cate reveals a woman whose sexuality was very physical indeed, and certainly expressed in terms other than "mystic yearnings."

Madame Sand is widely considered one of the great 19th-century advocates of social equality for women. She did, after all, live her life as she saw fit, something denied almost all other members of her sex. Most of all, she never compromised her conviction that women, as well as men, had an absolute right to follow their emotional and sexual inclinations. What more could one ask? And yet, Cate cautions us, George Sand would be severely critical of certain aspects of the present-day women's movement. "The role of each sex is traced," she wrote, "its task is assigned, and Providence gives to each the instrument and resources which befit it." This is conservative talk, coming from a woman who openly scorned the subservient roles that society expected her to play. Even so, the controversial nature of her attitude here is moot, for Madame Sand was perfectly capable of playing the role of the devoted mother, and, if necessary, the busy housekeeper, but she never wavered in her conviction that women had the same rights as men in matters of the heart. In the long run it is of little consequence that her brand of radicalism might seem a bit tepid if judged by 20th-century expectations. What is important is that hers was a truly radical voice—which was heard loud and clear—for mid-19th-century France.

George Sand wrote to everyone. Eleven volumes of her letters have recently appeared, and another fifteen are projected. This wealth of research material becomes almost overwhelming when augmented by judicious use of her published works, which are so richly autobiographical in nature. Cate has worked his way through this mountain of information, but the temptations of such an abundance are often too much for him. His chapters are unnecessarily lengthened by minutiae, by details that add little to our understanding and interfere with the flow of the biography. Equally dampening are numerous passages of ponderous and awkward prose. In sum, Cate doesn't quite rise to the occasion; he falls short of doing justice to this woman who fought so heroically for her own freedom. □

THE ANIMALS

Eyes are like animals.
They have their separate bodies.
They have a way
of looking off
and keeping secret what they find.
They see you
in the oddest places
and wonder what you're doing there.
When eyes look into rivers
they do not see themselves
going over and over
the same rocks in the same direction
but know they are like the water
the river will take forever
to carry away.
The best
are like those animals
which come out only at night
when the trees are still, and the river
is carrying the moon downstream.
Then all those closed eyes
are what they were, again.

H.L. Van Brunt

Living in Quotations

MONTAUK. *By Max Frisch. Translated by Geoffrey Skelton. Harcourt Brace Jovanovitch. 143 pp. $7.95.*

LAURIE STONE

A German customs official once examined Max Frisch's passport and then complimented the author by praising a play of Dürrenmatt's. It was a pardonable blunder, for it is an index of fame to be confused with the famous. At 65, Max Frisch is both famous and notable. He is a meticulous storyteller, a discriminating selector of the relevant from the batches of irrelevant. His best works—the plays *The Firebugs* and *Andorra* and the novel *I'm Not Stiller*—are intelligent comedies, intricate fables without morals. In discussions of Frisch's literary antecedents and sources, his name travels in the lofty company of Brecht, Kafka and Mann. Frisch acknowledges these influences. But what is most interesting about his writing are

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Frisch's consistent attempts to define precisely in what ways he is *not* Brecht, Kafka and Mann.

Who Frisch's characters really are is the central and unresolved question of his plays and novels. Who Max Frisch is, the kinds of relationships he conducts, the kinds of political beliefs he affirms, the kind of writer he wishes to be, and the kind of writer he is, are the questions around which Frisch has shaped his two most recent works: *Sketchbook (1966-1971)* and *Montauk*. In *Sketchbook* Frisch writes primarily about his political and social concerns, but oddly, it is a more personal, more intimate and engaging book than *Montauk*, a work which Frisch determined would be about his private life.

Montauk is Max Frisch's memoir about a single weekend spent with a young woman named Lynn. Frisch meets Lynn at a press interview in New York. She is 31, the same age as Frisch's daughter; he is 63. They have dinner and sleep together several times, and on the weekend before Frisch is to return to Berlin, they drive to Montauk. It is in a boutique in Amagansett that Frisch conceives the plan for the book: "I should like to describe this day, just this day, our weekend together, how it came about and how it develops. I should like to tell it without inventing anything. In the role of a simple narrator."

By "simple narrator" Frisch means third-person narrator. He wants both to tell exactly what happened, "without inventing anything" and also to tell it as if it happened to someone else. This is the kind of unresolvable contradiction that distances the reader throughout *Montauk* and makes coy and mannered a book which Frisch obviously wished to be personal and honest.

Frisch confesses that he is exceedingly uncomfortable with the confessional form. The stated subjects of the book, his "life as a man," his fame, his literary ambition, his inquiries into his past relationships with women, his relationships with his mother and daughter, are nearly all subverted by the self-consciousness of a writer too cautious and suspicious of his readers to be candid about his emotions. To Frisch, "a gathering of all the people who have played a role in one's life or might one day play a role in it— . . . is a dreadful thought. To see them taking stock of one another, reaching agreement after an exchange of contradictory impressions, understanding one another—that would be the death of all self-understanding." To someone else, it might be the beginning of self-understanding. But it is a nightmare to Frisch to think of giving up his own life to the myriad of possible interpretations other people make. It is a nightmare not to be able to control what readers think.

Montauk is Frisch's written record of his attempts to make peace with his nightmare. He wishes to stop directing and censoring his experiences, to see and feel his life as he really lives it, to capture what he calls the "thin current moment." As a writer, however, Frisch has no feel for the "thin current moment." The conversations between Frisch and Lynn sound very often like a college newspaper interview of the visiting celebrity, and their experience together is seldom vivid or interesting.

Frisch fails to make the "current moment" real or alive, because he is not straightforward about what his relationship with Lynn means to him. This brief affair which is accompanied by reluctance on both sides seems at times to be little more than a pretext for a new book. Frisch is sexually attracted to Lynn: "with her flowing hair and spectacles," he sees her as "a mixture of Undine and nurse." The rest is mystery; not, one suspects, because Lynn is reticent but because Undine and nurse are quite sufficiently alluring to justify a weekend. They are not sufficiently alluring to justify a book. It is Lynn's absence, the book strongly suggests, rather than her presence which stimulates Frisch. If anywhere he had himself been able to make this observation, and others like it, *Montauk* would have been a decidedly more full and open memoir.

But Frisch is persistently oblique. His assertion that he is a male chauvinist is a particularly grating and disingenuous example of this. With the flourish of a man about to spill a real secret, Frisch confesses that his "vice" is male chauvinism and says as well that "Lynn will not get to know what his vice is." They will not know each other long enough. Whom is Frisch kidding? The reader? Himself? Certainly not Lynn. If she has read Frisch's books, if she has lived and breathed at all, then Frisch has no hope of concealing his vice from her.

But more important than whether Frisch can conceal his male chauvinism is the issue of what he means by the term. It is introduced in a serious context, as the reason why his second wife left him: "At first I thought her verdict grotesque: it was that in ten years I had done nothing to help her develop her potentialities." The sincerity behind Frisch's admission is suspect, however, for by the end of the paragraph Frisch writes: "My vice: Male Chauvinism. What else but my attitude, maintained day after day from the beginning, could have made a sensible woman believe that the development of her potentialities was the matter for her husband —for men at all?" What Frisch appears

HIS EARLY AND LATE PAINTINGS

His first painting spoke:
the woman had forgotten many lovers

but none of the rooms in which she awoke.
He discarded the armoire and the child's hoop.

He was taken by her hands
and the clay fragments by the bed

and the way the vase left her hands.

His later paintings had no titles:
1. Did his grandchildren tell him what they dreamed?

2. Was there a dispute between peddlers outside his window?
3. Was he thinking of his death?

4. Was the woman later recognized?
At least one observer was startled

to find himself startled.
5. The woman who loved grapes.

6. The woman who spilled wine
abruptly as she left the table.

Leslie Ullman

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to be saying in this very confusing statement is that male chauvinism is a vice only insofar as it engenders feminist beliefs.

Frisch is being snide, and his tone here reveals more about the writer's feelings than he either knows or is willing to admit directly. His male chauvinism does more than sabotage his life; it is a literary liability as well, blinding him to a part of himself in a book whose principal aim is the unfolding of his identity. Male chauvinism also obscures his political vision. *Sketchbook*, for example, is consciously and exclusively addressed to men. Frisch never once observes the connection between the racism and imperialism he denounces and the sexism he practices, a connection that was, by 1971, a commonplace.

Fortunately, there are other things in *Montauk* besides Frisch's imitation confession and stylized descriptions of his relationship with Lynn. Retreating from the "current moment," he goes back into the past, to his early career as a journalist, his training and work as an architect, his gradual literary success, and his marriages and lengthy relationships with several interesting women. The past is known territory that requires no arch "simple narrator." Two elegant and suggestive stories about Frisch's early life are told in the first person and are characteristic of Frisch at his subtle and ironic best.

In the story of W., Frisch's benefactor, there is, among other things, a vivid description of what a man feels when he is treated like a woman, "the weaker member," that is, of a relationship in which all of the approval, knowledge, physical strength and money are possessed by one, and various forms of charm are all that is required of the other. And in the story of "the incurable," Frisch is pure bastard, a man who, for reasons he only dimly perceives, refuses for years to see or talk to a paralyzed woman who lives in the apartment above his and his wife's. He refuses to visit her even after it is made clear that Frau Haller knows Frisch and wishes very much to see him. And even after Frisch discovers that Frau Haller is Thesy, his first boyhood love, he remains cruelly absent.

Montauk is very uneven going. Frisch's writing about his past is dramatic and convincing in a way that the present moment of his book never is. He complains of feeling tyrannized by memory. It devours his present. But Frisch's loss is the reader's gain. What rings true in *Montauk* reads like Frisch's fiction, and what does not read like fiction, does not ring true. □

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

"Constant pleasure," said Voltaire, "is no pleasure." The geyser of gag lines in Neil Simon's latest spurt, *California Suite*, is virtually incessant (Eugene O'Neill Theatre). The audience laughs, laughs, laughs; I cackled myself several times—Simon is adept at his science—and my guest for the evening snickered a little too. Occasionally I heard a spot of dialogue which struck me as particularly bright but, when I left the theatre, I could not remember the stuff.

The show consists of four scenes with different characters in each of them, all taking place in the same suite of the Beverly Hills Hotel in Los Angeles. The occupant in the first scene is "a visitor from New York." She is a sharp-tongued columnist who has come to the West Coast to discuss a family matter with her ex-husband, a successful screen writer. The man wants their 17-year-old daughter to live with him for six months a year in Hollywood's sunlight and calm. His ex-wife is peckishly reluctant to consent to this, chiefly because of her contempt for the area. Their exchange is rife with easily appreciated jokes about the place. New York, the lady says, may be awful but it is alive (applause!). Still, despite the acid brittleness of her professional style the lady is not a bad sort so she finally accedes to her ex-husband's request. Despite the swordplay of their contest they do respect and are even fond of each other.

In "a visitor from Philadelphia," a lady from that town arrives at the hotel and finds a woman in her husband's bed. The poor schmo has never before cheated on his wife. For their children's protection he and his wife had arranged to fly to Los Angeles on separate planes, where they were to attend their nephew's bar mitzvah. The strange woman in the man's bed is a "Bunny" his brother had favored him with as a gift! Hubby is as mortified at being discovered in this scandalous situation as his wife is horrified by it. But they have no great trouble in making peace because they do love each other and he, more than contrite, vows never to err again. She will eventually make him pay for his peccadillo by doing enough shopping to break the household budget.

In "visitors from London," an English movie star nominated for an Oscar, accompanied by her art dealer husband, finds herself terribly edgy before the award-giving ceremony and nervously depressed (as well as crocked) when she fails to win it. Here we are regaled by a number of inside jokes about the dismally glamorous ritual of the Academy Awards, and about the actress's worry about her gown, her physique, her complexion, etc., but again all ends well because, though her husband is a "bisexual homosexual," the two are warmly compatible.

The final scene brings us "visitors from Chicago," two couples, friends who have been spending a holiday together but after several weeks of their jaunt have gotten on one another's nerves to a horrendously foolish degree.

There is hardly any character or psychology in these various scenes not immediately recognizable, and no complexity of situation beyond those which I have just summarized. The scenes are sustained by jocular repartee rather than living speech. If we were to take this show seriously—if anyone can—I would be obliged to say that the attitude toward the personages involved is not only shallow and vulgar but basically callous. There is moreover an element of smug hypocrisy in the compost, for in each instance we are assured that everybody really loves everybody and there are no hard feelings. Fun is fun, so everyone, including the author, is forgiven.

If there are those who would maintain that I am being priggish about all this because I fail to acknowledge the grain of "truth to life" in these sketches, I can only reply that if such is the fact, my most bilious suspicions about the state of our civilization would have been confirmed. And they are not comic!

The playing throughout is excellent, as is the droll direction of Gene Saks. George Grizzard (the screen writer, the London husband and one of the Chicago idiots) has never been more engagingly relaxed. Tammy Grimes (the New York columnist, the English actress and one of the nondescript Chicago wives) has developed a tart mode of delivery that has a certain gleam of elegance. Jack Weston is particularly good as the frazzled Philadelphia husband and in general may be described as a first-rate character clown, and Barbara Barrie (the deceived Philadelphia wife as well as one of the hapless Chicago ladies) is an actress who never strikes a false note. When Leslie Easterbrook, as the always recumbent, wordless because passed out and mostly blanketed Bunny, comes out for her solo curtain call, I was pleased to observe that besides her attractive leg, which was previously the only view of her vouchsafed us, she had a fine figure and a pretty face.

California Suite is sure to be a smash hit. □

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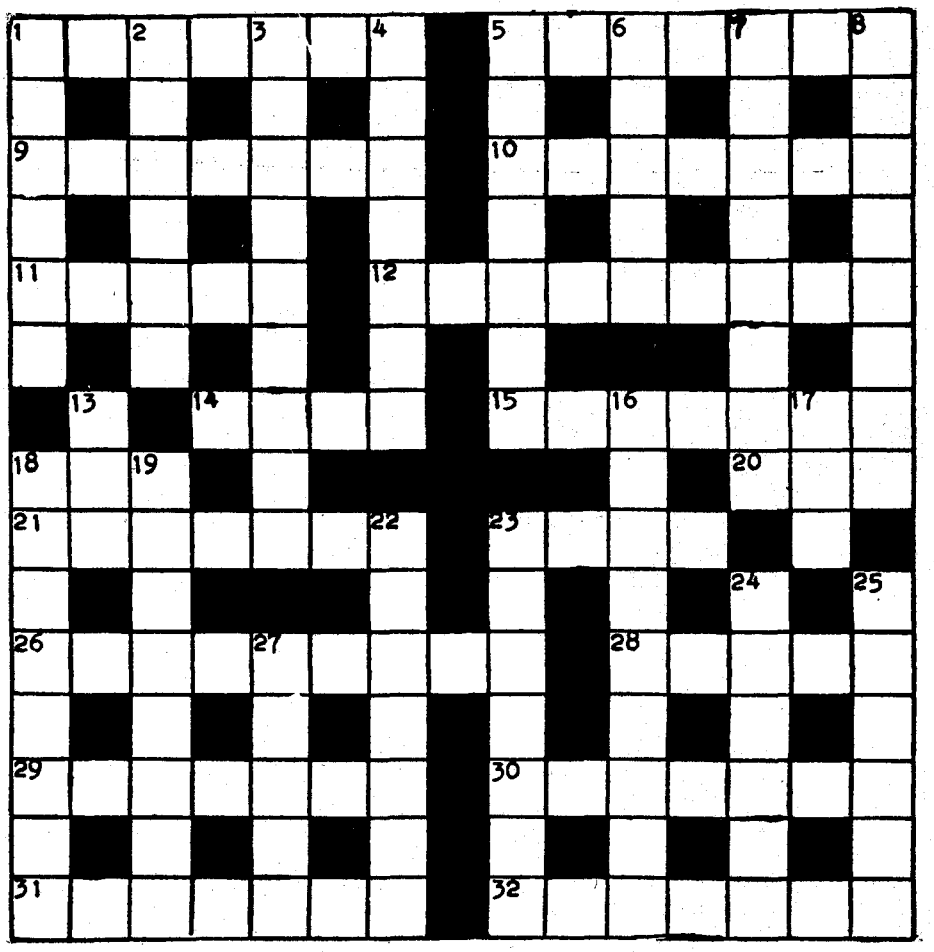
Crossword Puzzle No. 1639

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 5 Implying no grace with something traditionally golden. (And no comment!) (7,7)
9 and 24 down A Victorian maiden was supposed to be, all the way! (4,3,6)
10 Fate thus left a return for her. (7)
11 A crazy way to describe the taste of some wines. (5)
12 151 and 1000 behave with 99 to follow, reaching an apex. (9)
14 See 27 down
15 Victorian embrace. (7)
18 Step not quite past—you might get one 11 in return. (3)
20 Western name for a jacket? (3)
21 Boxes, possibly. (7)
23 A barrier for an early gardener. (4)
26 The main conveyance for soldiers? (9)
28 The destiny of an out-of-luck Armada? (7)
29 Pleasure somehow put in rare circumstance. (7)
30 What some people play in a foxy manner—also in a pointed manner. (7)
31 Probably very sweet plant to place around. (7)
32 Within reason, if upset, a number might call for port. (7)

DOWN

1 and 18 It's that confounded inspector again, making a sharp attack! (6,8)
2 Such wood doesn't sound good to some.
3 A contrary girl is all mixed up about a flower. (9)
4 Indeed, what might be chewed up is easily figured out. (7)
5 Found in musical verse as ideal to be beside. (7)
6 Immature form of irregular variation.
7 Not necessarily implied if you work for your Uncle Sam. (8)
8 and 25 Implying the ins and outs are extremely simple. (4,4,4,2)
13 How one might take a shot at a vessel? (3)
16 It might be the 8—one that keeps you out. (5-4)
17 Propeller blade. (3)
18 See 1 down
19 More than half fight and more than half fruit that some like for breakfast. (8)
22 The last of the race? (7)
23 This life is in three-four time. (7)
24 See 9 across
25 See 8 down
27 and 14 across What happened when the little bird was injured and made a fuss?

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1638

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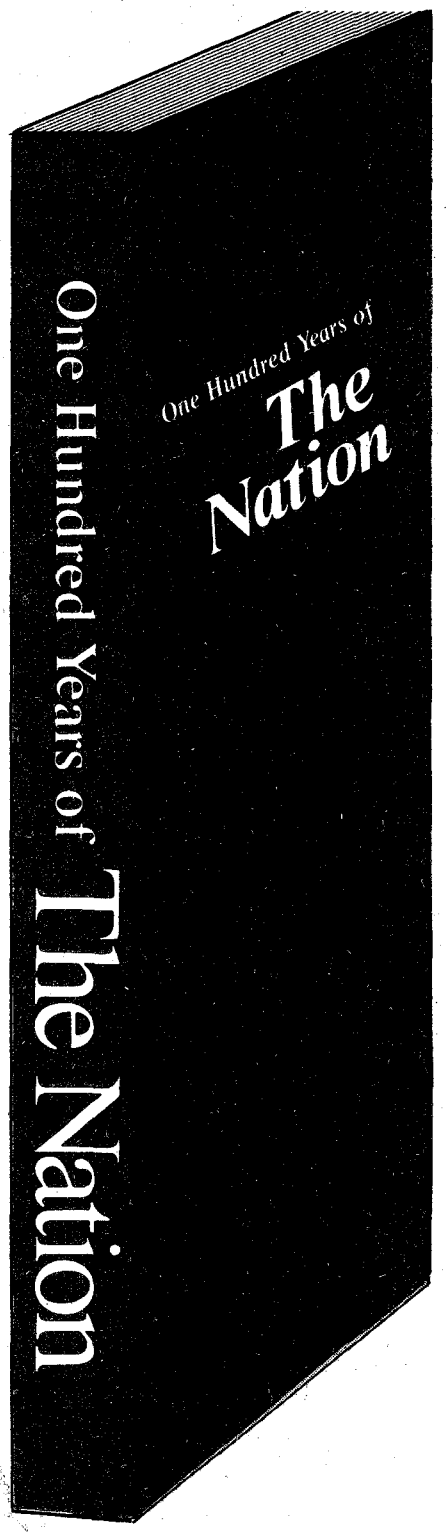

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